CONQUEST OF THE MOON; OR, THE AIRSHIP CARGO OF DIAMONDS."
STRANGE AND STARTLING STORY IN NEXT WEEK'S LEDGER.
LSO "THE SPECTRAL BRIDEGROOM," AN AMAZING GHOST STORY.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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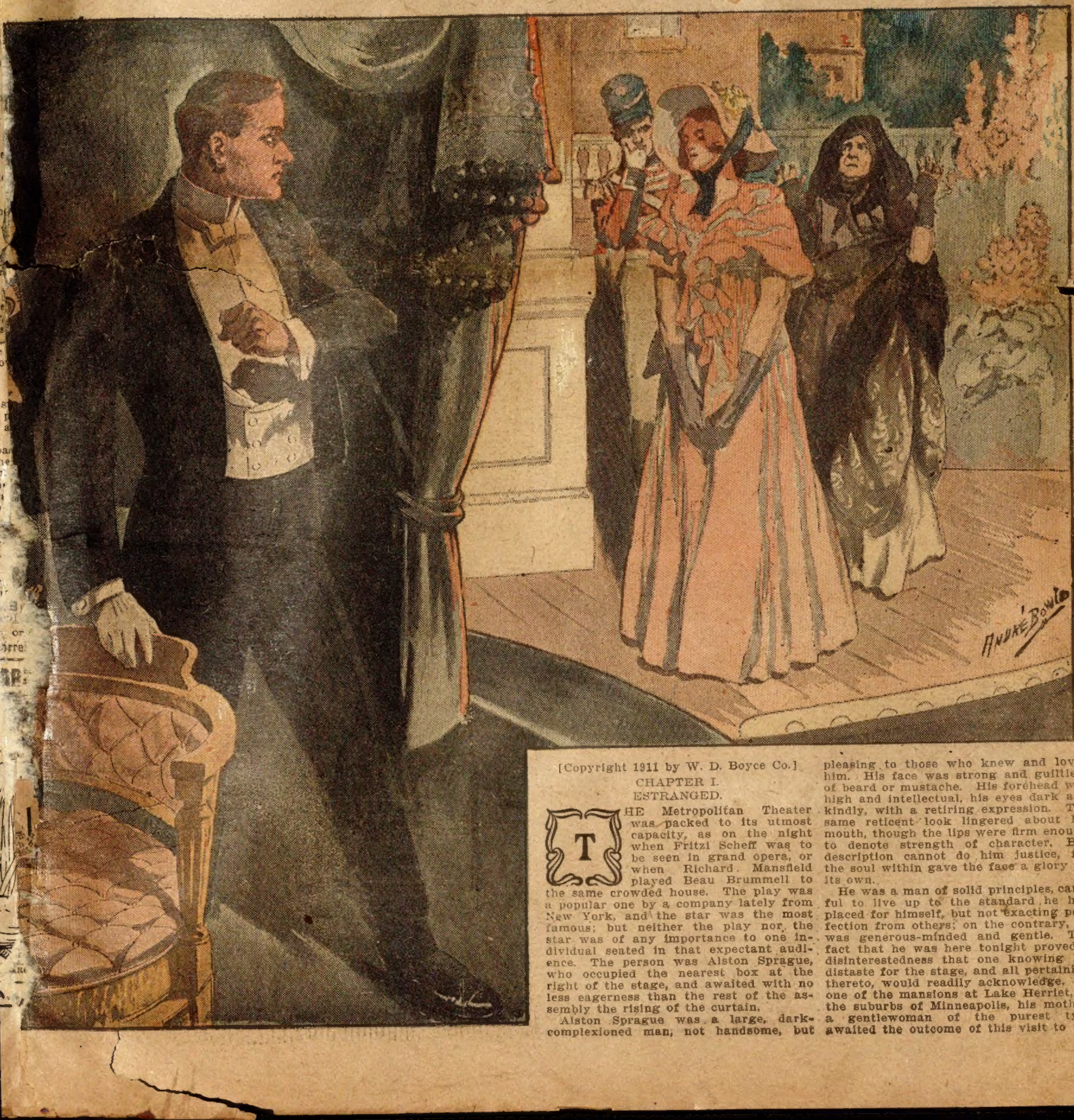
Justine Sprague, Actress;

Or, THE MYSTERY OF LOVE

By Ella Martin



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CHAPTER I.

ESTRANGED.

THE Metropolitan Theater was packed to its utmost capacity, as on the night when Fritzi Scheff was to be seen in grand opera, or when Richard Mansfield played Beau Brummell to the same crowded house. The play was a popular one by a company lately from New York, and the star was the most famous; but neither the play nor the star was of any importance to one individual seated in that expectant audience. The person was Alston Sprague, who occupied the nearest box at the right of the stage, and awaited with no less eagerness than the rest of the assembly the rising of the curtain.

Alston Sprague was a large, dark-complexioned man, not handsome, but pleasing to those who knew and loved him. His face was strong and guiltless of beard or mustache. His forehead was high and intellectual, his eyes dark and kindly, with a retiring expression. The same reticent look lingered about his mouth, though the lips were firm enough to denote strength of character. But description cannot do him justice, for the soul within gave the face a glory all its own.

He was a man of solid principles, careful to live up to the standard he had placed for himself, but not exacting perfection from others; on the contrary, he was generous-minded and gentle. The fact that he was here tonight proved a disinterestedness that one knowing his distaste for the stage, and all pertaining thereto, would readily acknowledge. In one of the mansions at Lake Herriet, in the suburbs of Minneapolis, his mother, a gentlewoman of the purest type awaited the outcome of this visit to the theater. For a matter of great moment had drawn Alston to this place.

Twenty years ago when he was a boy of 12, before his father had amassed a fortune, his mother had taken from the arms of a dying friend an infant of a few days old, with a promise to watch over it as she would a child of her own. The little girl whom the mother had named Justine, almost with her dying breath, had been brought up in the Sprague home, and during their childhood Alston Sprague had been her constant companion. He had watched her grow from a beautiful babe into a charming girl. And he had been her guardian always, her friend and adviser, her refuge in every trial.

And then had come the separation, for both had gone away to school—he to a medical college in the East, and she to a university in St. Paul. After that they met at vacation time only, and the years speedily wrought a change in them both. They were not the same when they met after their schooling was over, and they were never able to get back to the friendly companionship of other days. Both felt the difference in their attitude toward each other and grieved that it was so.

And later something happened. No one could tell under what influence the young girl had acted when she took the step which made it possible for her benefactors to think her ungrateful, with a lack of consideration for their feelings or for the opinion of society, but one night she disappeared from her home, leaving only a little note to furnish a clew to her whereabouts and her reason for going. They never understood the note very well, for they had not the key to its solution.

"If you can forgive me," it read, "God will reward you for all you have done for me; and some day, when I am a great actress, you will be proud of me and glory in my independence.

"JUSTINE."

That was two years ago, and not one word had they received from the wilful girl since that night, although they had never ceased their efforts to find her. And neither mother nor son dreamed that there was one in their midst who could have enlightened them concerning the disappearance of their protege—one who had received, as well as Justine, their kindness without stint.

Alston Sprague was now following up a clew furnished him by a detective in his employ who claimed to have traced the missing girl to this place. And so he attended the theater for the first time in his life. For he hoped to recognize Justine if she appeared in the play. She had changed, doubtless, in the last two years, and she would have on the stage make-up; also, the stage voice would be unfamiliar to his ears. But he felt sure he should know her if she were [illegible]g the cast.

He paid little heed to the play itself, for he was waiting patiently for the sight of a small, piquant face, with a dainty nose—no, not retrousse, or, at least, not decidedly so, but just enough to give to the features the piquancy that made the small face so bewitching, and altogether different from other faces—one that he loved with all the strength of his heart.

He watched the stage eagerly, and suddenly started and gave a sigh of relief, for in one of the minor actresses he recognized Justine.

As the feeling of relief settled upon him, because he had found her at last, he became interested in the play itself, noting, with pride how well Justine acted the part assigned her.

But he had come to take her home; and when the play was over he sought the stage door from which, in his judgment, she was likely to emerge. He waited a long time, but no Justine appeared. And finally, when the wings were in darkness, he turned away disappointed and sore at heart.

"It will be a blow to mother—my failure," he murmured. "Why did I not seek admittance instead of waiting for her to come to me? She must have seen me watching for her and avoided the meeting. I cannot understand why she should treat us like this. But now that I know it is she, I will make sure of seeing her. I will seek her tomorrow night, and each night thereafter till I have gained an interview.

Lakeview, as the Sprague mansion was called, was a beautiful home, with spacious grounds, and large trees through which a view of the lake was to be had in occasional glimpses, as the lofty branches were swayed by the summer breezes. There was a wooded knoll back of the grounds—a sort of natural park—and here the songbirds reared their young and made merry unmolested.

From the house and grounds one thing that had made the place home to the mother and son had vanished. It was Justine—their protege. There was another in her place—a distant relative; but she could not fill the place in their hearts left vacant by the missing girl.

Rachel Raynor, a cousin three or four times removed, was rather nice looking when dressed becomingly, and her hair arranged in the style that best suited her oval face. And Rachel was just the one to take advantage of these aids to beauty. For long before Justine disappeared she had marked Alston Sprague for her own. And Miss Raynor alone knew of the thorns of doubt and pain she had managed to plant in the heart of Justine Sprague. How much she had to do with the departure of the girl she always alluded to as "wilful" even Justine herself did not realize; for, though wilful, as Rachel had intimated, she was a true woman, and guileless.

Rachel Raynor was waiting with Mrs. Sprague in the drawingroom when Alston returned from the theater. He entered their presence with a dejected air, and both read the word "failure" in his disheartened countenance.

"It was not she?" his mother said with a questioning glance.

"It was Justine," he replied, "but——"

She caught his arm in agitation, her fair old face with its crown of white hair raised to his.

"And she refused—she refused to come? Alston, what have we done that she should cast us off?"

"She refused!" echoed Rachel, "after all you have done for her! How ungrateful! It was bad enough to desert you in the first place. But to refuse to return! I am astonished!"

Neither mother nor son paid any attention to her exclamations. They were too generous to even think Justine had proved herself ungrateful; but when Rachel in her insinuating manner made the accusation they could not gainsay it. However, Alston would not let it pass, but spoke up bravely in her defense.

"It was not that she refused," he said, "but I did not get a chance to speak with her; she escaped me. It was owing to my lack of knowledge concerning theaters and the way to gain an audience with one behind the scenes, I suppose."

Here was Rachel's chance! Here was the way opened up to her to effectually prevent a reconciliation between the Spragues and their ward. Oh, if she could but see Justine before Alston had a chance to talk with her! Nothing he could say, no argument he could use, would have power to move her then. She knew the girl's pride, her independence, and knew how to work upon them both.

"You should have taken me with you!" she cried eagerly; "I could have found her and brought her to you. You know I am an inveterate theater-goer, and I know how to manage a thing of that sort. We will attend the play together next time."

To this Alston assented.

When Rachel reached her own room after taking leave of the two, she went directly to her mirror and surveyed herself critically. She was not satisfied with the pale face and lack-luster eyes that regarded from its depths. But the abundance of glossy hair arranged in the latest style almost compensated.

The vision of a voluptuous form, perfectly molded features and ripe, luscious lips; dark, sparkling eyes and masses of red-brown hair rose before her. This was a description of Rose Mainard, bosom friend, and lately a frequent caller at the Sprague mansion.

"Bah!" she exclaimed, turning away from the glass, "it is not a face like hers I need fear! Alston Sprague is not the man to worship mere animal beauty; and behind it all is no soul, no conscience and no depth of character. I wish that Rose could see I am trying to shake her. Since she has taken to keeping company with Bruce Barrington, whom she knows is a married man, I dare not be seen abroad with her.

"I used to think Rose a smart girl, but her conduct lately belies it. But smart people make fools of themselves occasionally. Look at Alston! if he isn't making a fool of himself over that little, insignificant runaway, I don't know what one would call it. Oh, the mystery of love! To think that she who has ridden on his shoulders when he was a sturdy boy and she a little tot, who has laughed with glee at the pranks he played to amuse her—to think that she should grow away from him when she finds he has reached manhood and she has begun to love him!

"To her he is a king among men, and she stands in awe of him, preferring to worship him at a distance rather than to share his life and his home. Well, I agree with her that he is a man without a peer. But I mean not only to share his home but his bank account also. I do not feel so backward as Justine does—not quite."

And a low peal of laughter left her pale, false lips.

And where was Justine? Was it true that she had seen the man who was seeking her, and fled from him the second time.

CHAPTER II.

JUSTINE'S RETREAT.

A few blocks down Fourth street from First avenue was a rooming-house where Justine had found lodgings for the short time she was to be in the city. The rest of the company were quartered at a hotel; but it was Justine's purpose to hide herself in some obscure lodgings where her friends would not be apt to run across her. It never occurred to her that any one would be searching for her. It was necessary for her to walk a short distance up First avenue before turning down Fourth street, and here in the heart of the city she thought it likely she might meet some one she knew. So she kept her veil pulled over her face and went rapidly as possible, lest she should be recognized. Her way led past the courthouse, and as it was all within the glow of the electric lights, she was not afraid.

It was only by chance that she left the theater by another exit than that outside of which Alston was waiting; though she had seen him in the box, and wondered much that he was to be found in such a place, knowing his views as she did. She did not guess the real reason for his presence there. How could he have known she was among the cast when her stage name was quite dissimilar to her own?

As she reached her lodgings after having unwittingly escaped Alston that night, she ran up the steps leading to the few rooms she called home, and rang for refreshments to be brought up. This service she had been able to obtain with her lodgings, though it was not customary.

There was another actress who roomed just across the corridor from our heroine; not one of the troupe, but a resident of the city who played a minor part during the stay of the company in that place. The manager had advertised for a number, who had little else to do but to stand on the stage in a pageant. Rose Mainard had answered the advertisement, and it was she who roomed across the hall from Justine.

Though her home was out on the Camden road, near Washburn Park, and the Washburn and Camden car would take her opposite her own door, she preferred to remain in the city.

The two had a speaking acquaintance, and now, though the hour was late, Justine heard a light tap at her door, and then the young lady entered without waiting to be bidden. Justine did not rise, but leaned back in her chair and regarded her tolerantly; she had used no ceremony in forcing this call upon her, and she could not expect to be received ceremoniously. Besides, she liked to look at the beautiful girl as she would a picture. Her eyes dwelt appreciatively on the rounded form, the curved lips and column-like throat. She was enthralled with the blooming beauty of the woman, and impressesd with the magnetism of her manner.

"Are you sleepy?" Rose queried. "I'm not; and we can sleep till noon, if we like. A rehearsal in the afternoon is all that is required. Let us talk."

Justine was tired; beside, she wanted to think. She had seen Alston at the theater, and for the moment she was staggered. One noticing her might have thought her suddenly struck with stage fright, had she not rallied so quickly and forced her eyes away from his box, and her mind back to her work. Now that she was alone she wanted to figure it out—the reason why he was there, and to dwell on the memory of his face.

"Sit down," she said courteously, when she saw the other intended to make a call of it. "I am not sleepy, though rather tired."

"I will only remain a moment," Rose replied. "You looked so lonely and forlorn as you came up the steps, I thought I would come in and cheer you up a bit. I came in before you did tonight, for my regular escort wasn't at liberty to keep his appointment with me. His wife followed him, and he was obliged to take her home."

"Beg pardon!" Justine said, turning questioning eyes on her face.

"Oh, you heard. Don't look so shocked. I am not the only girl who receives the attentions of married men. That helps some, doesn't it?"

Justine gave her a searching glance. It would be useless to remonstrate with such as she, was her mental decision. Women of this type never reform, even when convinced of the error of their ways. Moreover, it was none of her business; and she would not have interfered voluntarily, but since this girl had flaunted her wrong-doing so shamelessly in her face, she should have her opinion of it whether she had sought it or not.

Her eyes flashed as she gazed on the physical beauty of the girl before her, and the sight of it would never please her again. She thought of the lines:

"Rosy, and fair of skin,
Nothing but ashes and ruin within."

"You give me to understand," she said, "that you are a love-pirate, and you do not blush when you say it! Are you not afraid that retribution will overtake you?"

"I have done nothing so very bad. Don't, for pity's sake, get preachy!"

"You have come between husband and wife, and there is nothing worse than that. Wrongs are not always righted nor sins punished in this world. But there is a hell for women like you, if hell there is for any one! A woman who deliberately wins the love of a man from his wife deserves it, at least!" And Justine Sprague rose to her feet, looking like a queen in her righteous indignation.

"Don't get tragic off the stage," said Rose easily, "you have quite enough of that in your role."

"I am merely in earnest."

"If a wife cannot hold her husband's love," began Rose argumentatively.

"That constitutes no excuse for you," Justine replied, now thoroughly disgusted. "Personally, I should not consider a love that would wander worth an effort to retain it, if I were the wife. And surely no girl who has won it from its proper allegiance can be proud of what she has won; it is as apt to tire of its later object and wander again."

A pang sharp and fierce shot through the young girl's heart. Would the words of this woman ever come true? Could it be possible that Bruce Barrington's love would ever wander away from her? Ah, no! it could not be! She would not think of it.

"Did you ever love?"

At the question Justine's face grew a shade paler, and then flushed slightly.

"Because if you ever did," continued Rose, "you would know that love is utterly reckless and lacking in reason. One just loves and that is all there is to it."

"No, not all," Justine said, reflectively. "Though I cannot speak from experience; no one has ever loved me."

A light laugh left the lips of Rose Mainard.

"You are blind to the love of Arthur Western, then. He looks love with every glance of his fetching eyes. Now, I should have noticed it at once."

Justine maintained a dignified silence. Men of the cast were nothing to her except fellow actors, and the subject did not interest her.

"Well, you are a strange woman. If a man looked at me in that way——"

"Miss Mainard, I am tired. I do not care to discuss the subject. If I could persuade you to drop the liaison you have confessed" (boasted was the word, and Justine knew it) "to me, I would continue it. But I fear I cannot influence you."

"I love him," said Rose, doggedly.

"How can you?"

"I cannot help it."

"Such love is a mystery to me," returned Justine. "I am sure I could not love a married man, even if I could have loved him unmarried. Or, if I was a married woman the undue attentions of any man would be repulsive to me. The very thought of illicit love disgusts me. How can you help this man deceive his wife?"

"I tell you I love him!"

"Such love is unholy—a sin you will have to answer for some day."

"You, too, love some one, I have seen it in your eyes, heard it in your voice. Now tell me, if the man you love should wed another think you it would be in your power to tear him from your heart?"

"Was that your experience?" Justine asked, studying the young woman's face.

"No, I never saw him till he had been married some years. But you did not answer me."

Justine's thoughts flew to Alston Sprague. Could she ever cease to love him? Did she ever want to try? Ah, no! But that love was sacred, it could never harm its object, married or single. It was more worship than anything else, it made her shy of his presence, and would ever remain unacknowledged. But she answered after a moment's hesitation.

"If I loved a man not knowing him married, or he married afterward, it might be I could not live it down entirely; but I would master it, or hide it in my own breast. I would never trespass on another's rights."

"Then when Rachel Raynor marries Alston Sprague you will drift farther away from him than ever, I suppose? No wonder Rachel won him away from you. A girl has to come out of herself and be lively to attract a man's notice. Good night! Hope you won't dream of a married man, it would shock your sense of propriety so when you awoke."

With this parting shot Rose left the room and sought her own across the hall.

Justine made no reply, but the mo-

A FOOD STORY

Makes a Woman of 70 "One in 10,000."

The widow of one of Ohio's most distinguished newspaper editors and a famous leader in politics in his day, says she is 70 years old and a "stronger woman than you will find in ten thousand," and she credits her fine physical condition to the use of Grape-Nuts.

"Many years ago I had a terrible fall which permanently injured my stomach. For years I lived on a preparation of corn starch and milk, but it grew so repugnant to me that I had to give it up. Then I tried, one after another, a dozen different kinds of cereals, but the process of digestion gave me great pain.

"It was not until I began to use Grape-Nuts food three years ago that I found relief. It has proved, with the dear Lord's blessing, a great boon to me. It brought me health and vigor such as I never expected to again enjoy, and in gratitude I never fail to sound its praises." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a Reason."

Look for it in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," to be found in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

ment the young woman was gone threw herself onto a couch, nervous and excited. What did Rose Mainard know of her feelings toward Alston Sprague? And what did she mean about Rachel and Alston marrying? She clasped her hands about her temples; they were throbbing painfully, and her heart beat almost to suffocation. Was it coming off so soon, then—the wedding? before she had had time to tear his image from her heart? She had been shown the badge of their betrothal by Rachel herself, and the secret of their love had been hinted to her. But until then she had never analyzed her feelings, and waking to a realization of the quality of affection she felt for him who had always been like a brother to her, she was ashamed, mortified to think she had given unsought a love surpassing that she might expect in return. To be sure, there was no kinship between them; he was not even her foster brother legally (for she had not been adopted by law), but she had no reason to think he had given her more than a brother's tenderness. And she felt humiliated to think her heart had strayed beyond bounds. The moment she realized the strength and depth of her affection for Alston she began to realize her dependence on his bounty. That thought had been suggested to her with a subtle art by the scheming Rachel. She had been desperate that night when she left them and went to an old schoolmate who was now on the stage, and whose glowing descriptions of stage life had fired her blood.

She had no expectation of every marrying Alston, but her soul revolted at the thought of a union between him and Rachel Raynor, for there was a tie of kinship between them, though remote, and her soul sickened at the thought.

And now this Rose Mainard of whom she had never heard until a short time ago had alluded to her love for Alston—a love she had thought hidden in her own heart. How came this girl to know the secret she had never breathed even to the night winds?

"I would not have him read, ah, no,
  In the silent language of the eyes,
The love that I have stifled so.
  I could not bear his pained surprise,
If by the trembling of my hand
  As in his friendly clasp it lay,
He once should see and understand,
  Then I that great love needs must slay."

These were the words that would best express her feelings. She had kept her love crushed into submission; and now this woman had shown her that it was known as much as if she had shouted it from the housetops.

She rose to her feet and paced the floor in agitation.

"Oh, that I had died with my mother! What is there in life for an orphan like me? And this woman, whose soul is stained with an unlawful passion, what can she know of a love like mine?"

How could Justine know that Rose Mainard was Rachel's chum? Or, that now, by her plain speaking, she had made of her an enemy?

CHAPTER III.

FROM THE WEST.

In the lobby of the West Hotel a man sat by himself absorbed in the perusal of a newspaper. And it was some moments before he noticed that a stranger stood directly in front of him regarding him keenly, though doubtfully. At last he looked up, and beholding the stranger looked straight into his eyes for a moment. Then he said:

"Well, sir! What is your pleasure? Why Donald Mainard!" he added impulsively, for he had of a suddden recognized the other, though it had been nearly five years since they met. "Why, and where and when and so forth? Tell me all about it, old chap!"

"All in good time, Alex," returned the newcomer. "But first, how are you and all the rest of the boys—of our set, I mean? I was almost sure it was you, when I saw you sitting here, but——"

"O course it's me! The question is, is it you! I want to know all about the West, I tell you; and how you came to come home, and when you arrived, and so forth, principally so forth!"

While he was speaking the two men shook hands cordially, and then seated themselves together.

"Now, what part of the West are you from?

"Oh, I have been in every State in the West and Northwest since I left here. I am lately from California, and I intended to go into Lower California and Mexico before returning, but pressing matters brought me home prematurely."

The speaker was large and strong-looking, with dark hair and dark gray eyes that struck one as being hard in their expression. And as the reader has guessed, he was Rose Mainard's brother. He answered the string of questions Alex Harvey fired at him (for Alex had the Western fever, and wanted to learn all he could concerning that country), and then he told things of his own accord, as one who has seen sights he knows his friends have not seen is apt to do.

"But," queried Alex, "is the West as wild and woolly as it is said to be? And is it such a land of liberty, where a person may do any old thing?"

The man from the West smiled tolerantly at his friend's extravagant ideas of the Western country and his desire to know everything concerning it.

"Well, in some respects it is. You have plenty of personal freedom; you can do about as you please so long as you don't interfere with the freedom of others. And no hot shots out there are tolerated. If a man runs on another for the benefit of the 'gallery,' the other exercises a freedom of the fists to offset the freedom of speech."

"Do folks get into many scraps out there on account of making too free with their tongues?"

"Only the newcomers, the ones of a free and easy style, who try to get familiar with strangers or new acquaintances. And they soon learn that, though there is plenty of liberty to follow their own bent they must keep off the toes of other people. Every man mind his own business is the motto where I came from."

"It ought to be so in all places," said Alex.

"Well, maybe; nevertheless, I came here for the express purpose of doing the very opposite. It is the business of others that I shall concern myself about now—that of my sister and another. You know whom I mean, you must have heard."

"Well, yes; since you mentioned it, Don, I don't mind saying that in my opinion it is time you came home and protected your sister from that—I won't say villain. I don't know what the man means by it; but we both know he is married. I always thought Rose a good girl. But I know little of Bruce Barrington except that he is not true to his marriage vows, if one may take his own word for it. He boasts a good deal about his familiarity with women."

"I will silence his boasting tongue in one way or another," declared the man from the West. "At least as far as my sister is concerned."

It was like this: Mrs. Mainard had written her son how headstrong her daughter was growing, and that she feared the girl's affections were centered on a man who already had a wife.

"They take trips on the street cars together," she told him, "to the parks and places of amusement. One time while passing Lowry Hill I saw them in Central Park, when I supposed Rose was at work in Donaldson's dressmaking department. I kept the car, and not knowing I had seen her, she pretended, when I quizzed her, that she had just come from her sewing at Donaldson's.

"I wish you were here, Don, you might be able to influence her. You know your father—that he is all wrapped up in Rose, and would believe nothing against her. I think he would believe her word against the evidence of his own eyes, and is therefore not the sort of person to look after her. It needs some one like you, Don; one who would not be too hard on her, and yet not be prejudiced in her favor."

That and more had his mother written him, all unknown to Rose or her father. And when Donald came home it was with a determination in his heart to watch the couple till he caught them in each other's company and learned that his mother's fears were well founded. Then he meant not to remonstrate with the headstrong girl, who could agree to reform, and then clandestinely go on in the way her inclinations trended, but to chastise the man who had dared to lead her from the path of rectitude.

When he threw out that feeler to Alex Harvey in the West Hotel he intended to draw out of him information as to whether or not the gossip about his sister was common property. For Alex, he was sure, would know, and if he knew would tell him as a friend, and for his sister's interest. And it had turned out as he expected.

When he heard the truth from Alex's lips the hard expression in his eyes took on the form of a glitter, and his friend was at that moment a little afraid for the safety of Bruce Barrington.

"Don't do anything you will be sorry for, Don," he said impressively, "find some other way."

"I shall never be sorry, no matter what I do," the other replied in measured tones. "I may not be able to do anything to save her, it may be too late; but I can avenge her, and I will. It will be done deliberately, and I shall never be sorry. Rose is the only sister I have."

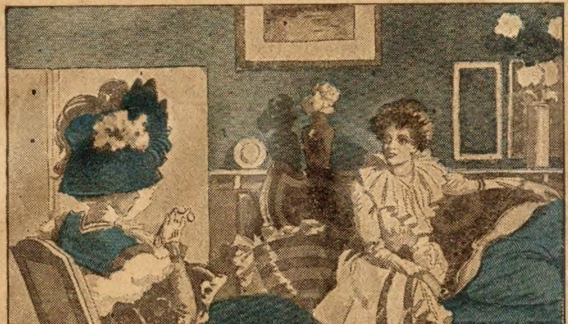
"But she knows he has a wife, Don, and——"

"Ah, I know she is deliberately wronging the wife. But a woman's sin brings its own punishment, while a man's has to come from outside. Did you ever notice that, Alex?"

"Why, yes, the world doesn't frown down lax morals in a man, I know, but I hadn't thought much about it."

"That is just it, no one thinks! When people do think on the subject there won't be so much need of outside vengeance. If the man suffered social ostracism from his own sex as a woman does from hers, it would put an end to his boasting at least.

"But this is an old subject, and a waste of time to discuss it. Things will never be different."


ANDRE BOWLES.

"Hope you won't dream of a married man."

"It is a subject that would bear discussion if talking would mend matters," returned Alex. "In my opinion conjugal infidelity in either sex should be punished with death."

"It is thus punished sometimes," said the man from the West, "but not by the authorities of the law."

"Come, have a cigar, old chap," and Alex rose and went toward one of the booths where a dark-haired, dark-eyed maiden presided and called for his favorite brand. It was an invitation to change the subject, Donald felt, so he began to talk of the play he had attended the previous evening at the Metropolitan. And it so happened that Justine Sprague was referred to as an actress of considerable merit. But of course Donald knew her only by her stage name.

"She is most natural, and altogether charming," he declared, "and I shall not lose track of her, if this affair of my sister's can be straightened out before the company has left the city. For how long a time are they booked?"

"I don't know, but I believe this is their last week. I have heard it said," he continued, "that this particular actress was a Minneapolis girl formerly, and that she belonged to a family of Puritan ideas, and was obliged to run away to enter her profession. You have heard of the Spragues out by Lake Herriet; she was an adopted daughter, I believe."

"Ah, yes! and that girl was Justine Sprague! No wonder I was smitten with her last night. Why, we attended the same school once, and I was sweet on her then. I thought there was something familiar about her every movement. How strange I did not recognize her! Say, old fellow! when she leaves the city I go too! And whither she goes, there I go also, from this time forth—or till I have captured her."

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"She strikes me as one who wouldn't look in any man's direction. Better not take the liberty to follow her."

"I will follow her till I have won her, by fair means or foul."

Alex Harvey shrugged his shoulders, but did not think a reply worth while. This was the man who was going to punish his sister's lover. He began to believe his old friend had got to be something of a boaster. They had gained the main exit, and were out of hearing of the other men who were lounging and smoking in the lobby, when Alex asked:

"You don't mean to say that you will go away and leave your sister a prey to that wolf in sheep's clothing? I thought you came all the way from the West to look after her, and protect her if need be. It strikes me that it would be much better to protect her than to avenge her wrong afterward."

"I will settle with him before I go," he returned, "but not in the way I at first intended. I shall do nothing that will make me unworthy the hand of Justine Sprague—at least, no more unworthy than I already am."

And so it happened that Donald Mainard, who had come from the far West to straighten out the affairs of his sister became absorbed in his own and left her to go in the way her inclinations and Bruce Barrington led her. Not that he felt less strongly on the subject, when he thought of it. But no man can serve two masters without neglecting the interests of one or the other. And this man was of the sort to look out for number one.

So after speaking his mind to his sister, and making some extravagant threats, provided she did not alter her conduct, he allowed his thoughts to dwell on his own awakening affections, the dawning of his own love.

Night after night he attended the theater where Justine played, and on matinee days he was in the audience, while Rose met Bruce Barrington when and where she would in defiance of his threats.

"Does he think he will effectually put a stop to our going together by his threatening, I wonder?" she said to herself. "I suppose that is a part of his Western swagger. He is going to do so much, and I don't believe he dare do anything. He is nothing but a great big bluff.

"Who told Don I was thick with Bruce?" she asked her mother, knowing very well where he got his information. "It a lie! we are only friends!"

"I hope that is all, Rose," her mother said. "But that is more than there is any call for."

The girl made no reply; she preferred to let it pass rather than to take up a subject on which they had argued all too often.

Meanwhile Donald, thinking he had made an impression on his sister, neglected to place her under the surveillance he had at first intended. And when Justine left the city Donald Mainard, all unknown to the girl from whom he could not have won a glance of interest, followed her.

But first he sought out Bruce Barrington and had, as he called it, a word with him. How his threats were received we do not know; but they were heeded as little by Bruce as by Rose herself. In conclusion Donald said:

"It must end right now! Or," he added, emphatically, "I will kill you!"

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE KNOLL.

On one side of the wooded knoll, which was the property of the Spragues, was the highway, and here autos, carriages and pedestrians passed on their way to the lake shore when any kind of amusement was going on at the pavilion, or the band was playing. But the denseness of the natural wildwood of this enclosure made it a place of rendezvous for lovers.

Among the trees on a spot free from underbrush were some rustic seats, and a natural grape-vine swing. The seats were placed there by Alston for Justine's benefit years ago; and many a time had they romped and played there together in their early youth.

Alston did not often come here now, for the place held memories, and though he cherished them he was not the over-sentimental sort that brooded over things long gone. There was enough in the present to absorb his mind. He was a business man, and a man of business has cares that leave him little time for unavailing sentiment. And to such men sentiment is a side issue. "Love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence," is not entirely true. It is woven into the existence of both, and no life is wholly complete without it, neither is it wholly barren of pleasure—unless, perhaps, to a few extravagant souls not so level-headed as our hero and heroine. For the love of these two was as strong and constant as ever a love could be; nothing could have diminished it or caused it to waver. It was rooted in a full knowledge of each other's character and a regard that had grown out of that knowledge. But if Fate willed it these two could live their lives apart and not be unhappy; however, the glamour of life that love gives would have been missing.

It was not a reckless passion, like that indulged in by Rose Mainard and Bruce Barrington, who had become infatuated with each other the moment they met. It had been going on some months now, and their friends wondered where it would end. Their acquaintances prophesied, and their relatives held their breath, for they knew something must come of the unlawful intimacy between these two.

At first Rose had tried to pose as a friend of the wife, that she might have a better opportunity to be in Bruce's society; but the woman was too easily convinced that there was something between them to be imposed upon and deceived in that respect. Finally, when she learned of excursions that they had taken together to parks and places of amusement she broached the subject to her husband, only to be met with denials, and upbraidings for unfounded jealousy. After this Mrs. Barrington took to following them, and in disguise she ferreted out their rendezvous, and was near them unsuspected.

One night, before the company in which Rose was now playing had come to the city, she had crept upon them on this same knoll, and crouching behind the trees, listened to the tender words, and witnessed the embraces of the two.

Like a fury she sprang to a place in front of them. Her eyes shone glassy in the moonlight that sifted down upon them. They were afraid of her in that moment—their craven souls shrank and were afraid.

"This must end!" she cried tragically. "It must end now, and right here! This is the last of your love-making! If I catch you together again I will send your guilty souls to meet their Maker! You shall answer to me first, and to an outraged God afterward!

"You, Bruce Barrington, I do not love any more; you have turned my love to hate! But I will not submit to being made an object of pity to my friends and a laughing stock for the public.

"And you!" she cried, pointing the finger of scorn at Rose, "I shall kill you some day!"

It was with difficulty they pacified her, promising never to see each other again. After that they were more cautious; but the wronged wife knew they had not kept their promise, that they had not given each other up. Then she had followed her husband to the theater that night, and he had been obliged to take her home, leaving Rose to walk to her lodgings alone, as she had explained to Justine.

The Barrington home was on Bloomington avenue. Not an imposing dwelling, but a comfortable home, wherein happiness might have dwelt but for its master's fickle nature, and the love-pirate in the bewitching and beautiful form of Rose Mainard. Mrs. Barrington was not beautiful, but she was worth a dozen Rose Mainards, had her husband been the sort to appreciate true worth above physical beauty. She knew that she was still being deceived, that the intimacy between them had not been discontinued. Her happiness was ruined, her life spoiled. She brooded now instead of watching them. What use to follow and torment her eyes with the sight of their happiness together? She had pleaded in vain, the liaison must run its course.

But there was nothing for her to live for but revenge. She would at least have the satisfaction of knowing she had not submitted tamely.

She bought a revolver and carried it in her bosom. At first she was afraid to load it, and handled it gingerly. She had never had a pistol in her hands before. But with an effort she overcame her dread of the weapon and went so far as to load it and go out into the woods to practice. To do this she must go beyond the bounds of the suburbs into the wildwoods beyond the Minnehaha Creek; and this she often did. While the two infatuated lovers fed their hearts on their illicit passion, she fed her thirst for vengeance on preparation for the deed she was about to commit. Often she boarded the Washburn and Camden car, that took her past Rose's home, and rode to the end of the line, then walked up the hill and descended the steps which led under the bridge, and followed the path out into Minnehaha parkway. Along the boulevard she trudged, her shoes dusty, her limbs growing tired beneath her. But not yet was she beyond the eyes of the park policemen. She went on, passing the summer homes of the wealthy, and at last she could leave the road and enter uncultivated timber. A short distance into this tangled growth was the creek which barred her way and brought her to a standstill, undecided whether to go farther or risk detection and remain where she was and practice. But after a short walk parallel with its sparkling waters she found a plank that afforded her a safe passage across, for just here the stream was narrow. And if the shots from her pistol practice were heard she was never discovered in the act. Minneapolis policemen, who are invariably on hand "just after the fire," had little taste for penetrating tangled wildwoods to discover the meaning of strange pistol shots.

Sometimes she went to Minnehaha Falls instead, and going on beyond the hermit's cabin, she wandered causally into the woods. And if any one heard the sound of shots at a distance and did not understand, no one dreamed a mad woman was in the depths of the forest, though strange things happened at this resort.

Unconscious of this the guilty lovers sat together again in the Sprague park, in the very place where she had made that unsuccessful attempt on her rival's life, secure in the belief that they had lulled her suspicions for good.

Bruce Barrington was a slight, dark man, of personal magnetism, nothing in the way of good looks to attract the attention of a girl like Rose. But with his smooth, deceitful tongue he had won her, not meaning one-half he said while doing so. But being of the sort called "sporty" it was next to impossible for him to keep in the narrow path of virtue.

They had been out upon the lake in a small boat, listening to the soft music floating down to them from the band stand. Clear and sweet it had descended, floating out over the water in strains that caused the heart to throb with passion.

"Rose," said Bruce, leaning forward, as he remembered how the low, soft strains of music had thrilled him; for it was still to be faintly heard in the distance; "Rose, you once told me that if ever you should fall in love it would be while under the influence of music. That was when you first knew me. Did you keep your word, sweetheart? Did you fall in love with me sometime when the band was playing?"

His devouring eyes drank in the beauty of her face. This man's love was an unholy passion that would die when satiated; but it was intense and compelling.

"You conceited jackanapes!" Rose said saucily, "how do you know I am in love with you?"

"But you are, dear," and his hand sought hers. "Your eyes have told me. And your lips when pressed to mine have acknowledged it—if not in words—by the intensity of their pressure. And the sweetness of it, darling! How sweet your kisses are!"

A flush crept over the girl, who had so far forgotten herself that she had lain in his embrace and returned with passionate abandon his maddening kisses. If any thought of the wrong she was doing another came to her, she had put it aside, with the argument that it was man's law that made two people husband and wife. Certainly God had not joined these two, else they would not have tired of the union so quickly; it was not her fault that Bruce no longer cared for his wife, or she him. If their love had been real nothing could have come between them. Thus she had placated her conscience until it troubled her very little. After a time she got to such a pass that she had no conscience.

"Say you love me, Rose," pleaded Bruce, bending his dark head nearer, his piercing eyes seeking hers. "You are mine more than the woman I was foolish enough to marry. It was only a passing fancy I felt for her; but it stands between us, as far as marriage goes. But we will have each other just the same, because we love each other enough to let nothing stand in the way of its enjoyment."

His hand closed over hers in a clasp that caused her to lift her eyes to his face. She did not speak, and went on in low, thrilling tones:

"Tonight, after the theater, we will go to a place I know of and have a little supper and a cosy chat."

"What place?" asked the girl suspiciously.

"Oh, it is a nice place, I assure you. It is under the protection of the police, and in a nice location on First avenue. But we can get a room where we can be by ourselves, and have refreshments served to us."

He had spoken these words in a low voice, for other couples were wandering about among the trees, or sitting in groups upon the grass. This natural park was private property, but was trespassed upon without rebuke. A turnstile at the corner of the lot allowed people to come and go as they liked. They were not alone in the park, and therefore this love-making was necessarily somewhat suppressed. But neither dreamed that a Nemesis was on their track till a pistol shot rang out upon the air, followed by screams from several affrighted women as Rose Mainard fell back into the arms of her companion in a dead faint. And those who gathered around the swooning woman noticed that a stream of blood was trickling down her temple. Then several others screamed and all but fainted in the arms of their respective escorts. While the eyes of the crowd were concentrated on the wounded woman, no one noticed a slender, dark-clad figure moving leisurely toward the exit at the farther side of the grounds. And soon Mrs. Barrington, the Nemesis, had reached a car line and taken a car for "uptown."

"If I have failed," she muttered, "I will try again! They shall not escape! Some day, when I have practiced more, I will try again. I will bide my time, but they shall taste my vengeance. I swear it!"

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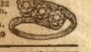

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David Grant's Sacrifice;

A Tale of Human Pawns

By MASON RAY

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CHAPTER VII.

An event occurred shortly after Mrs. Oltman introduced Sadie Brackway to the Worthingtons that did much to make their society greatly to be desired. One morning when she ran over to the doctor's for a chat with Ada she found that young lady busied in packing trunks. In the upper hall where a geranium-banked window gave light for the task Ada was surrounded by a miscellaneous assortment of clothing.

"Another instance of thought power," declared Ada as she looked up when Sadie emerged above the stair well. "I was wishing you'd come and immediately you appear. I wanted to tell you that father has suddenly decided to indulge in that much needed vacation. We start at once."

"But his practice?" cried Sadie. "What will become of his patients, of mother?"

"Dr. Swantek is to take on papa's rounds and all the office work. That persistent insomnia will drive him insane. He has reached the limit of endurance; he must rest or collapse. And what required years in coming will take many months in going. So we start on the long talked of trip abroad. I don't know when we shall return."

"I can't bear to think of your absence," Sadie admitted as she knelt to assist in packing; "but I am glad for you, dear, that you can have some diversion. You've never been the old bright Ada since that terrible happening."

"And the mystery is exactly as profound as it was the day it happened," Ada said, pausing in her packing to meet her friend's sympathetic glance. "After all our brave resolutions we've discovered nothing. Perhaps," she added, "if David is hiding abroad I may chance to see him during our prolonged wanderings."

"Don't cheat yourself with shadows," warned Sadie. "Even if David lives—which we merely surmise to be the fact—you likewise suppose the possibility of finding the proverbial needle. Your hope is altogether fanciful, my child."

"The sea never gave up its dead," reminded Ada.

"Which proves nothing," asserted her practical friend.

For some time the girls were silent as the light and dark heads bent above the rapidly filling trunks. Finally the lids were lowered but their united effort failed to spring shut the lock.

"We'll have to call Sam," decided Ada, as she desisted with flushed cheeks and disordered hair.

"Wait, I hear the doctor's motor," Sadie said stepping to the window and peering over the geraniums. Below in the street stood the doctor's big green motor that waited his movements day and night. The hall door opened, a firm step ascended the stair and there appeared from below the large-souled, big-framed doctor.

The doctor's appearance had little indication of ill health. He towered above the girls with a height of six foot six. He was correspondingly broad and muscular; his large, fine, Scotch-inherited features gave evidence of massive strength of character. His manner was exceedingly deliberate; his gray eyes were kindly; just at the moment his expression was quizzical.

"I think," he suggested placing a knee on the reluctant cover, "that I might add weight to that argument." Then, as the lock snapped, he asked:

"Did you pack the papers and books I wanted, daughter?"

"Yes," Ada assured him. "But, papa mine, this was to be a rest cure and you're taking along that Medica Encyclopedia. You know," she explained to Sadie, "he's writing a profound treatise on medicine, or something of the kind, and it's to follow us after the manner of a bad conscience. It's like Banquo's ghost—it won't down."

"Daughter thinks it's poor brain-cure," the doctor laughed. "She forgets the adage about Satan and idle hands. Moreover, she's not up in mental science or she'd not object to my taking along my pet pastinme."

"If your medical dictionary proves to be as somniferous in its effect on you as it would on me I'll approve," Ada told him.

That afternoon Sadie took leave of her friends at the depot and returned home in Ada's light motor which was left in her possession. The sudden departure after hours crowded with hurried preparations gave Ada small time to realize her loss. And Doctor Carroll was quite capable of studying out this desirable effect. He believed surgical operations should be swift and sure and planned accordingly. The two years he arranged to spend traveling were likewise the result of keen insight into the reason of his daughter's lack of spirit. He had not been blind to her love for the young lawyer; he perceived, with sharp apprehension, that she was grieving herself ill over the tragedy of his crime and suicide. For this reason he remembered that endless hours in his motor driving from place to place had caused him to lose the power of sleep. Now his supreme love for his only child forced him to idleness and sightseeing.

As time passed the Worthingtons grew more and more fond of fair, winsome, blue-eyed Sadie. Mrs. Taggart, the housekeeper, proved so capable an addition to the household that Sadie could come and go without depriving her mother of needed attention. Instead, Mrs. Brackway urged her daughter to accept invitations and drive much in the open air. As a consequence Ada's motor was much in evidence with a golden haired chauffeur at the wheel. Occasionally Herbert, when not slaving at the office, accompanied her.

The young man's undoubted reformation and his success in business won the girl's good will despite her deep hidden suspicion that David had shielded Herbert from some unguessed evil. Judge Brackway likewise rejoiced in his son's attention to law practice. He considered the fact a further exemplification of his theory that "blood will tell."

Herbert guarded his guilty secret in fear and trembling. He believed—or tried to think he believed—that a fixed policy of silence was what David would wish. Remorse gnawed at his vitals; his cheek became hollow, his eyes dark with brooding misery, his laugh was absent. In four months he had aged as many years. Sadie shrank from mentioning David while in his presence because of her unfounded suspicion. Herbert, on his part, avoided the topic for obvious reasons. In this manner fate was, for a time, blocked in making an important move. Chance, however, played a deliberate but sure game. The accident of a moonlight ride marked the next advance.

Sadie had gone over to the Worthington's handsome home in Ada's runabout to spend the day. After the evening meal Herbert made his way there by street car or on foot to escort his sister home. The midwinter night proved to be alluring for its exceedingly bright moonlight and absence of any impeding snow. Bundled in furs and delighting in the radiance that transformed the city to something like fairy land, Saddie begged her escort to lengthen their drive. Nothing loth Herbert sent the swift little machine flying up one street and down another then commenced to circle the suburbs. Before Sadie noticed their direction they were passing over the light-flecked street and under the leafless trees that bordered the cemetery where she and Ada had watched the burial of Lanigan. Sudden recognition of the place overcame her reticence on the tabooed subject.

"That," she blurted out, "is the burial place of the bricklayer. It's where Ada and I witnessed that remarkable funeral—the funeral with laughing pallbearers."

"The what!" demanded Herbert.

"The laughing mourners," reiterated Sadie. "I never said much about the horrible affair. Father and Dr. Carroll thought our story all nonsense and forbade us to repeat it. But, Herbert, at the time we—Ada and I—doubted whether those people really buried Lanigan."

"Never buried Lanigan?" cried Herbert "What do you mean?"

"Oh, I know you must think me a fool," owned Sadie, "but it all seemed so heartless that I imagined fanciful things—that they had spirited their sick away and buried a substitute."

"Tell me everything just as you saw it," demanded Herbert in a voice tense with excitement.

As the motor sped along the quiet avenue over splotches of moonlight Sadie painted the scene of Lanigan's burial in a word picture that brought out every detail.

"My God," he said at the close, "I trust you're right. I'll never rest till I know the truth!"

Next morning Herbert commenced to haunt the city health department petitioning for a permit to open Lanigan's grave. Dr. Borst, wide in girth, short in stature and jolly despite his sharp manner, openly laughed at Herbert's story. When Herbert insisted he frowned. Mention of Judge Brackway's and his own political standing made no impression.

Herbert's second day at the department door showed no weakening. But the third day the health officer reluctantly consented to, at least, call up the doctor who issued Lanigan's burial certificate. A brief 'phone talk ensued. Then Herbert, seated in one of the big office chairs patiently waiting, heard Officer Borst peremptorily command that the person at the other end of the wire come to his office for an interview.

A half hour, then a quarter passed before the office door opened to admit a slim, pale young man whose pale blue eyes flashed angry sparks.

"You 'phoned me to appear," he said in tones that slightly trembled.

"Yes," confirmed the health officer. "Your answers over the wire did not seem exactly convincing. No doubt we'll understand one another better to converse in person. This gentleman," he introduced, "is Mr. Herbert Brackway, attorney at law. And, Mr. Brackway, this is Dr. Schriver, assistant to Dr. Halbert, and he is the one who issued Lanigan's burial certificate."

The pale young doctor turned the battery of his gaze on Herbert but his nod was scarcely perceptible.

"Now, Dr. Schriver, do you distinctly recall all the circumstances connected with the death of your patient?"

"Certainly," affirmed the doctor. "Lanigan was the man shot by Grant in a back alley near Fourth street. I helped to receive him at the hospital. Twenty-four hours later I assisted in removing him to his home. I attended him that night. Next day I was summoned to issue his burial permit as he died before morning."

"Very good. Now," said Officer Borst, fixing the doctor with an extended lead pencil, "we're at the point. I'm obliged to ask you the famous query addressed to fly in Cock Robin: 'Who saw him die?' ".

Dr. Schriver's thin face crimsoned.

"I'm not supposed to see a patient die in order to issue a permit," he declared irritably. "It is sufficient to know that the patient is actually dead."

"Very well," Officer Borst persisted, "are you certain that the late lamented Lanigan was actually dead?"

"Of course he was dead," the doctor cried angrily. "Do you suppose I issued a certificate for a living man?"

"Could you swear," provokingly insisted Officer Borst, who evidently extracted humor from the doctor's spleen, "that this man, when you last saw him, was not hypnotized?"

"Hypnotized nothing!" the doctor exclaimed with temper in the ascendent. "Don't you suppose I know the difference between a hypnotic subject and a corpse?"

"That is just what we're going to prove," the officer asserted with a coolness that exasperated the doctor to fury. Mr. Brackway seems to doubt your late patient's demise. In fact he wishes permission to dig him up. On the whole, I believe we'd better have a look at Mr. Lanigan."

"Do you imply that the man was buried alive?" demanded the enraged doctor.

"No," Herbert hastily explained. "I merely want to prove whether or not a corpse was substituted for the living Lanigan. I have reason to suspect that, if the real Lanigan was buried, he was not interred in the place we are led to suppose."

Briefly he then related the incidents of the bricklayer's burial.

"That is all imagination," declared the doctor. "The man died and was buried exactly as appeared. Disinter him if you like. I'll be present. You'll see that I made no mistake."

A day later, armed with necessary papers and accompanied by two police officers, an undertaker and Dr. Schriver, Herbert stood at the spot in the little suburban cemetery where Sadie and her friend had witnessed the singular burial. Two grave diggers threw back the earth with vigor. Perspiration beaded their faces despite the sharp winter air. But to Herbert who stood waiting to know whether his crime was murder or the lesser one of assault, these men seemed engaged in excavating a tunnel.

Dr. Schriver regarded the operation with the hurt air of one unjustly accused. He had no doubt that his judgment would soon be verified. The two police officers calmly awaited developments. One of these was Anson, the captor of Grant. His gaze, instead of being fixed on the upheaval of red sand, intently watched the anxious face of Herbert Brackway. Thus the little group waited.

"I'm a fool," Herbert thought as the spades bit deeper into the frozen earth. "I am expecting to be relieved of my mental misery by a miracle. Better to have let the grave alone. A disappointment will make my condition worse than before."

The spades had reached the rough box

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that covered the casket. The workmen next removed the board cover. The police then aided in raising the coffin to the ground above. While the group stood breathless with suspense the undertaker attempted to swing aside the cover that protected the glazing. It was firmly fastened. He was obliged to loosen screws and lift off the entire top. With head averted he took a reluctant view.

"What do you know about that!" he interjected, while his usually mask-like countenance overspread with horrified amazement.

Herbert, at the same moment, uttered a cry of joy.

"Thank God," he cried, "Lanigan lives!"

It was Police Officer Hufford who commenced to empty the coffin of some hundred weight of brick packed in rags. Dr. Schriver's thin face expressed sharp disappointment. He gazed, with something like dismay, at the brick filled case which should, in proper sequence, have held the body of his late patient. Hufford was the next to speak.

"That chap was a brick all right, all right," he declared. "And it looks like he was a bricklayer, too."

"Borst was right," admitted Dr. Schriver. "Lanigan must have been under a hypnotic spell when I issued the permit. He's fooled us. He could not have been as ill as we thought."

"Why," asked Anson pointedly of Herbert, "do you thank God for Lanigan's cheating the grave?"

"Because," was Herbert's unexpected and startling answer, "I was the one who shot him."

CHAPTER VIII.

For a space of time that covered eighteen months little movement occurred in this game of chance. The human pawns involved were widely divergent. Dr. Carroll, in the congenial atmosphere of a German university town, labored to finish his Encyclopedia Medica. Ada attended to his physical well-being and became linguistically perfect in the native tongue.

In the far tropics David Grant, with others of the boys in khaki, was engaged in attempting to hold in check the fierce and fanatical Moros. Weary marches ensued through tangled foliage. Bivouacs followed the day's fatigue under palms amid tropical growth. The quick-darkening night often enveloped them before safety was assured. Fever, dhobie itch, swelled feet, prickly heat, nostalgia, all combined to spoil tempers. During the last four months torrential rains converted the most skeptical into belief in the Biblical deluge.

At the close of a day's chase after fugitive natives who defied American rule, one of these downpours drenched officers and men to a condition of plastic misery.

"Folks home used to say my bone-cover was soft," disgustedly remarked Charles Wilson as he investigated the remnants of his knapsack. "Now I reckon they was correct; just look how I've melted."

He extended a bony hand and arm in corroborative testimony.

"First time I've washed so much dirt off simultaneous since the time I near drowned," remarked Ike Bradley, he of the fifty lost and found plunks.

Alf had been skirmishing in the vicinity for available wood to boil coffee.

"It's no use, Johnny-B," he announced. "You could squeeze water out of all the timber in this rotten country. I vote that the next time we shift we hunt a drouth or forty below where wet won't run."

"What you bothering 'bout coffee for anyway?" demanded his friend, Charlie. "You'll absorb enough liquid. Just open your pores."

"I believe," grumbled Alf, "that these Mohammedan Moros are amphibious. I don't think it's fair to send soldiers a hunting water animals."

"We won't try it after our term of enlistment expires," promised Grant, who sat with his back to a palm while his clothing oozed and small streams of water trickled from his cap over his bearded and emaciated countenance. "We'll try both the drouth and the forty below if you like."

"Well, I'll like," Alf assured him.

Despite the complaints of homesick youths that time had become stationary the months slipped by. Then near the close of the second and last year's enlistment Grant's company penetrated inland into the heart of the hostile territory. The inevitable occurred. Captain Avery perceived, too late, that the troops were surrounded by ambushed natives. Nothing could be done at strengthing their position. The boys in khaki crouched low among vines and tropical shrubs, but the brown-skinned enemy picked out their victims by sighting at rifle smoke. Grant had aimed at a moving tuft of giant fern when the return fire caught the man at his side. The peculiar grunt of one death-smitten caused him to turn. Instantly he perceived that Bradley, his former bunk mate was called.

"Bradley, my poor fellow, what can I do for you?" he asked after he had crawled to the outstretched form.

"All on God's earth I want is a chaw o' tobacco," groaned the Nebraskan with no thought of irreverence. "Seems 'sif I could die easier with a chaw to clench my teeth on."

It chanced that the article named was an exceedingly scarce commodity. The troops had been on the march until lovers of the weed were ready to barter their souls for a plug of the brown narcotic. Grant knew that Alf had, in reserve, a small quantity of the prepared plant. But to reach him across some rods of bullet-raked open was equivalent to courting death. For a moment he considered the most probable method of success. He then sprang to his feet and darted to the point where Alf's company were in hiding. When near the spot he dropped to the ground and wormed his way within arm's reach of his friend.

A leaden storm had marked his passage. He did not wish to attract bullets to Alf's vicinity.

"Tobacco," he begged with extended arm.

"Well, of all the fools," scolded Alf. "If you're going to learn tobacco chewing why didn't you take fair weather?"

Grant closed his hand over the fragment of plug, again rose to his feet and started back. Half way across the bullet-raked open he chanced to see his lieutenant clap hand to his shoulder, half turn on his heel like one intoxicated then fall in an exposed position far from his vantage of comparative shelter.

Without pause Grant raced to his officer and, bending, dragged him into safety.

"I'm all right," declared Lieutenant Hammond. "A mere flesh wound. You can return to duty."

A moment later Grant was at Bradley's side. The marksmanship of native soldiers and his abrupt movement had saved him from death. He placed the tobacco, so hardly earned, in the dying soldier's hand and was repaid by the man's look of gratitude.

"If them brown devils make a rush save yourself. Don't try to lug me out," was his manner of thanks. "I'm done for."

"They won't," reassured Grant. "They're rank cowards."

He was right. The warriors remained in ambush until they seemed part of the landscape. Their vigilance never wavered. Their ammunition seemed inexhaustible. At the sudden down-closing of night they commenced an aggressive warfare that crowded the troops into the stagnant marsh. Grant and Alf supported between them the wounded lieutenant.

"They're driving us into more water," grumbled Alf, "as if we wasn't already soaked into pulp by their devilish rains. It's the limit! I tell you this here battle is our Waterloo. We're stung. That's what!"

"I guess you're correct," agreed the half fainting lieutenant. "If Blucher or his equivalent don't promptly arrive we're not likely to again see Manila."

"I ain't 'specially hankering for Manila," confessed Alf. "But I have seen worse places than the old U. S. A."

Shots zipping through the mangroves warned them that the enemy was near.

"Leave me," ordered the lieutenant, "and save yourselves. They're entering the swamp. They know their way like lizards. Your chance is one in a thousand. Make the best of it."

"Exactly," agreed David; "we'll make the best of it—yourself included."

As the three—the officer supported on either side—made their way over the high, tangled roots a sound filled the air like a low, continuous moan. About them the atmosphere condensed to the point of suffocation. The moan increased to a dull roar. From the earth's surface seemed to be born one of the tropical typhoons. The twisting horror of south sea wind instantly became a tempest that bent trees like wands. About them hurtled missiles carried from afar. The roar increased until the air seemed filled with the multitudinous cry of the damned. In that moment of peril the mangrove swamp that had nearly become a slaughter pen proved a harbor of refuge. The troops clung to the waist-high roots, they burrowed in the stagnant swales. When the storm passed with the same suddenness that marked its appearance the men in khaki discovered no trace of their late foe. The fanatical Moros had fled to their distant village.

"Seemed like I was home again," declared Alf when he could make himself heard. "Iowa winds are the same only more so."

At this moment Captain Avery shouted: "Every man fit for duty form in line."

Leaving a guard for the wounded the remaining troops clambered over down fallen trees, dislodged impediments of every description, wind twisted foliage and so on to the Moro village. A short, sharp fight ensued. When the Americans withdrew they left behind a thoroughly subdued enemy.

When the dead were collected for burial the Nebraskan was found with his half chewed tobacco still between his clenched teeth and on his rugged face a look of indescribable peace.

"So, Captain Hammond," was the colonel's manner of announcing promotion, "you're elected to a prolonged furlough. You can take passage for San Francisco at once and see if the ship's surgeon can heal that shoulder during the run across."

In this manner Lieutenant Hammond was given a captaincy and a furlough. That week he was moved on board a returning transport and set out for distant Ohio. Nearly two months later he arrived in his Cleveland home, his wounded shoulder nearly healed, but the arm dependent in its sling was useless for further military service.

Little more than a month from the date of the Moro battle the two year men were at the close of their period of enlistment.

"No re-up for me," Alf declared with a whoop.

"Neither shall I re-enlist," agreed his friend of the Northern Pacific. "My original intention was to visit Australia. What do you say to trying sheep ranching in the land of gold and mutton?"

"Ranching's in my line, all right," Alf said with enthusiasm. "I'm with you, Johnny-B, whether you raise nanny goats or go a-whaling."

"Then," smiled Grant, "we'll start in at wool-gathering. Write your friends that you're going. It's time they heard from you."

Alf regarded his friend, for a moment, in silence. Then the first reference to Grant's flight that had passed between them in months left his lips.

"I'll write to my folks if you'll write to yourn," he obstinately declared. "I hain't hankering to let on where I be just at this date. And I don't calculate to go home till I've made my pile. I ain't figgering to let them have the laugh on me. When I pull the latch string the laugh's going to be on my side."

That settled the question. The two became more profoundly attached as time slipped by. The younger man with his unfailing optimism cheered Grant's exile. To Alf, the brotherly oversight given him by David meant more than home and indifferent relations. Each supplied what the other needed. Therefore they planned their future on parallel lines.

Directly after their discharge they took passage on a Melbourne steamer. The hour of departure was night and above them glowed the Southern Cross. It seemed to the lonely outcast an omen of good. In that hour he hoped his home-craving might abate. He hoped to crush from his heart the love for an unobtainable object. Surely under that spangled cross he might find comparative peace.

The Melbourne wharf swarmed with bustling humanity—boats loading for England, freight being disgorged from cavernous holds. Hotels were represented by importuning cab drivers and the two travelers, still in khaki, selected one suited to their means and were promptly whirled away to a comfortable hostelry.

Enjoyment of unaccustomed beds induced the soldiers to appear at a late breakfast. The large diningroom with its array of tables was nearly deserted. Beyond them, breakfasting in solitary state, was a dark skinned man of heavy build whose twany mustache emphasized his German cast of features. He ate hungrily as if his appetite had been sharpened by some hours in the open air. His wandering glance was attracted by the newcomers' suits of khaki and, for the remainder of his meal, he watched the soldiers covertly from beneath his heavy brows.

"Beds with sheets and beefsteak with murphys is dreaming," Alf declared "I'm afraid I'll wake up."

"That's exactly what's going to happen," assured Grant. "There's no frills on Australian ranching as I understand it, so enjoy the fatted calf of civilization while you can."

"Now, I'm off to see the sights," was Alf's next coherent remark. He rose from the table and immediately started out leaving Grant to an eager perusal of late newspapers in the hotel reading-room. The fugitive was absorbed in a New York clipping when a voice addressed him.

"Pardon me," said the dark German of the breakfast room, "I wish to introduce myself as Max Hindman, agent for the Cape Town to Cairo Railway Syndicate."

The self-introduced agent spoke with a rich burr but in excellent English. His dark eyes looked, not so much at his through the object of his attention. Grant, meeting the piercing glance, thought another Pinkerton detective had found him out. He waited for the other to explain.

"I am seeking men who wish employment," continued Herr Hindman. "Especially I desire men suited to command—to take charge of clearing and construction gangs. I notice you wear the American uniform. I surmise you and the youngster are discharged soldiers seeing some country before going home. I know you are trained to discipline. Your countenance denotes a man of character. Now, if you would like—"

Herr Hindman saved words by pausing significantly.

"Just where is this construction work, what conditions would we find, what pay would we receive?" Grant returned in true Yankee style that answered one query by another.

"Your division would be north of the Congo State," Hindman explained. "Your men would be mostly Kaffirs. The climate is much the same you experienced in the Philippines. Your pay shall be ample. I trust we may come to terms for I like American overseers. Besides I wish to have men at work before the rains set in—throughout the dry season."

"You would want my colonel's guarantee of our suitability," suggested Grant.

Herr Hindman gestured utter disregard of the colonel's opinion.

"I have employed a regiment of men.

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I read men's faces like I read the page of a book. Your consent to go is all I want."

During a reflective half hour Grant discussed the proposition in all its aspects. He then gave final decision.

"If my young friend is favorably inclined," he said, "I'll accept. Whatever we conclude to do will be done together."

"He'll jump at the chance," declared the German engineer.

"Could you guarantee us employment in the same territory—the same camp?"

"We have two thousand miles of road to build," reminded the engineer. "We must have men. Especially we desire men acclimated like you fellows from the Philippines. Select any assistant you choose."

"Then," said Grant, "we'll notify you of our plans some time during the day."

Hindman was right. When Alf heard the German's proposition in all its details he acquiesced in the plan with avidity.

"You're the bell sheep, Johnny-B," he declared. "I'd follow you to the infernal regions itself and this is next door same as the place we left."

That evening the two ex-soldiers signed an agreement to oversee work on the African overland. When Grant's hand lifted from the paper the name he had traced was John Brink. In this manner the supposed suicide—being ignorant of the joyful fact that his name was cleared from taint—added a new alias and buried himself in the heart of Africa.

Before the end of the week necessary clothing and supplies were purchased and the three were en route to the scene of their labors.

After an Indian Ocean voyage and a tedious ride on the East African Railway the engineer and his American overseers were conveyed to the Congo territory by mule teams. On every hand were almost impenetrable forests, wide rivers and alligator filled swamps. Grant learned that the Cape Town-Cairo Syndicate had stationed construction gangs along the entire surveyed route. His own assignment was in the region of the equator and he understood why Herr Hindman wished acclimated men.

Their first camp was pitched on the margin of a cottonwood bordered stream in a wide opening. At this point Hindman speedily collected some eighty tribesmen with whom he had bargained for labor. At their head was a large African with quick intelligent eyes and agreeable countenance.

"This man," Hindman informed the new construction boss, "is Tom Tucker, your interpreter, camp cook and body servant." He then turned to the big negro who rolled speculative eyes at the new arrivals.

"And, Tom, this is Mr. Brink, your boss. See that you take good care of him."

"Yes, sar," agreed the black giant.

"And, Tom—,"

"Yes, sar."

"You tell the men that if they cut up any of their damned tricks the company will remember."

"Yes, sar."

"But, if they're faithful the company will reward them."

"Berry well, sar."

"That," declared Alf as Tom withdrew to take charge of the canvas kitchen, "is my first meeting with Tommy Tucker—and his family. He's not exactly what I expected. He's more."

CHAPTER IX.

During their first night in the river camp the Americans were kept awake by the screaming and chattering of monkeys and parrots. This, in time, became an accustomed sound. During several days the German engineer initiated his new overseer in the preliminary work of cutting "bush" and rough grading. After Hindman departed toward Nubia with another gang of blacks to be placed under white overseers, Grant found himself as completely in control as if he were the only white man in Central Africa. Alf, much to his own gratification, was installed as under boss. His experience with native workmen, however, soon proved wearing on even his sunny temper.

"I say, Joe," he expostulated one day during bush cutting, "tell those fellows to get a move on. American beavers 'ud chew down timber quicker than that."

"Yas, baas," agreed the interpreter.

"They act like their joints need grease," complained Alf.

"Yas, baas, you cain't noways git full wuck outen back country natives."

"They don't earn their salt," declared Alf.

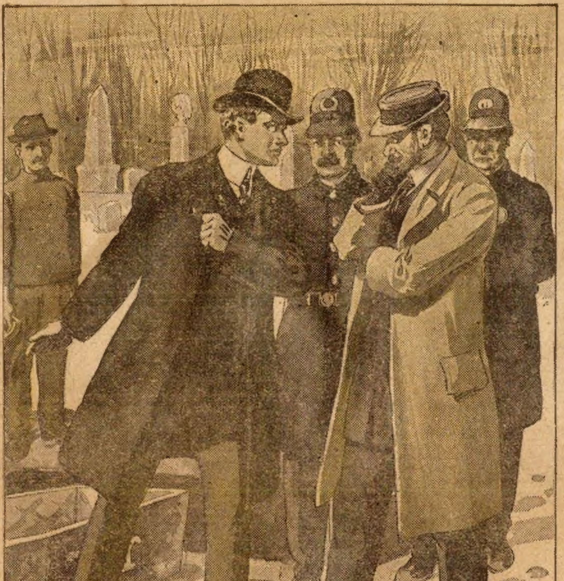
"Dat's so, baas," assented Joe.

"I ain't a cow; don't 'so boss' me," cried Alf, exasperated. "Give me that ax and I'll show them black images what chopping means."

The black images watched Alf's deft ax-work with amazement—and approval. They crowded about with shouts of wonder, glad of an excuse to neglect their tasks. Alf soon tired of illustrating American dispatch. He realized that Hindman knew his men when he said:

"Don't expect speed. Keep them moving; that's all. And watch the camp stuff; they'll steal everything that isn't red hot."

Grant threw himself unreservedly into the work—driving, managing, settling disputes and purchasing provisions. Tom Tucker's pronounced African features were often framed in the tent door as he announced disaster or native peddlers.



"Because I was the one who shot him."

"Say, baas," he informed Grant one morning as he and Alf were at their breakfast of yams, mutton and fruit, "Bunyan wants a new shirt."

"He's just had one," objected Grant. "What's become of it?"

"He say Barga John done stole it," explained the cook.

"Then, you tell him to make Barga John give it back," decided the overseer. At his bidding Tom allowed light to again enter where his burly form had filled the space.

"Bunyan is a disgrace to his namesake," declared Alf. "If he were the genuine article he'd give the shirt off his back and not whine about it."

"Say, baas," again sounded from the darkened opening, "Sisiwoo eats rice like a hog. The boys have big palaver 'bout it. They say tell the proomoie to come out dar an' mek him quit."

"Tell Sisiwoo the white boss fines him a bar. Tell him to eat with his spoon."

"Sisiwoo, he say he's Mandigo. He say Mandigoes no play for eat rice."

"And you tell him he'll get fined a bar every time he shovels up food with his hands," Grant reiterated.

As a bar was equivalent to fifty cents the threat produced the required brand of table etiquette. Sisiwoo and others who favored native customs were forced to respect the wishes of more modern companions.

For some time the bush cutting progressed serenely if deliberately. Executive ability, diplomacy and energy did much to overcome the Kaffir and other tribesmen's inertia. The black gang had penetrated a mile or more into the impeding African forest. Beyond this and near the river bank lay a compact native village. Beyond the village was an inviting area of veldt before another forest blocked the way. Grant urged his men to unbelievable accomplishment hoping to pass the forest before the return of Hindman in April. During the four remaining months of the dry season he believed the bush would show a clear cut avenue. To this end he focused every effort. Suddenly an unimagined barrier stayed progress. The trouble commenced with a visit.

"Head man come for palaver," Tom Tucker announced, one morning after Grant had settled the usual irritating dissensions.

"Who is he?" Grant demanded. His nerves were already on edge with his hour's discipline of insubordinate, childlike natives.

"He's Kawtoo, chief ob dat village up de ribber, baas. He come in boat an' say he'll see de proomoie down dar."

"All right," agreed Hindman's overseer and, followed by Alf, went down to the broad stream with its margin of cottonwood.

Standing in the shade of the trees was a large and very black negro dressed in loin cloth and native cloak. He was erect, fearless of gaze and villainous of feature. He looked at Grant.

"Ask him what he wants," Grant told his interpreter.

"He say he done fetched a chicken to shake your hand," explained Tom. "He come up ribber to talk road palaver."

"That," Alf commented jocularly, "must be a wise fowl." But, for all of his chaffing the young boss was quick to understand the importance of the chief's presence in camp. He was likewise well aware that shaking the hand with some trifling present was a native custom and that the donor expected several times the value in return.

"I have nothing to do with road palaver," Grant declared. "Tell him to see Hindman."

"He say you're baas; he say he won't let you cut more road till you pay him fifty bar."

"That's extortion," Grant denounced. "He thinks to frighten cash from me while the engineer's gone. I won't be blackmailed. Tell him the syndicate made tribal treaties. I've nothing to do with it. I'm here to work and I shall push the cutting." With that he cut short the interview by striding abruptly off to his day's employment.

"That, Johnny-B, was dignified and all that, but it wasn't diplomatic," reproved Alf. "You forgot the chicken."

Tom Tucker, however, trailed back to the cookroom with the bush fowl under his arm. His object was twofold; he wished to placate the offended chief; he had also a finely cultivated taste for broiled fowl.

"I won't be blackmailed," Grant reiterated.

"Is blackmailed a pun?" Alf queried.

"No," Grant said with a half laugh, "I'm not in punning humor."

Alf's apprehension was not unfounded. The following day the bush in advance of the choppers was garnished with suspended cloth bags, leather cases and goat horns containing charms.

"Greegrees," the workmen shouted and then and there refused to advance.

"What's the matter?" their overseer demanded of Joe, the field interpreter.

"Kawtoo, village chief, put juju to scare niggers," elucidated Joe. "It's war signs. Kawtoo, he'll make war palaver if he don't git bar."

In vain Grant argued, pleaded, threatened. Nothing he could say outweighed the terror of greegrees. The blacks insisted that Kawtoo was a powerful chief and that he would burn their homes and kill their people if they disobeyed his injunction. The only way the American could induce his gang to resume labor was to visit Kawtoo and pay his extortion. The prospect was not alluring. To lower his pride before this barbaric chief seemed debasing. Rather than retard the work he decided to visit the chief's village and pay the sum from his own resources.

Accompanied by Alf, Tom Tucker and four boatmen he set out for his destina-

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tion in canoes. For several miles the blacks paddled down the center of a broad but shallow stream where tall river grass almost met in the channel. At the landing they advanced some distance among royal palms, bananas, plantains and other dense tropical vegetation toward the congregation of thatched huts which formed the town. As they progressed hideous and voluminous sounds arose from the village site. Shrieks, deafening cries, loud groans and the ringing of cows bells produced a diabolical symphony.

"What's the matter with them?" Alf demanded suspiciously and with dilated eyes. "Is this concert produced in our honor or is it a war cry?"

"Dead nigger, baas," explained Tom. "His wives cry. It am de custom."

"If that ain't merry hades!" cried Alf amazed. "It's the limit!"

"Possibly," suggested Grant, "the poor creatures really feel afflicted."

"If they feel half as afflicted as they sound," Alf concluded, "they are entitled to a pension. I hope the late lamented carried a suitable life insurance."

At this moment the wretched village came into the range of vision. Near the "cry house" native women were in a frenzy of grief, rolling on the ground and throwing dust on their bodies. At some distance to the right was the rude palaver house where Tom directed his master to seek Kawtoo. The interpreter preceded the Americans who closely followed. At the wide entrance of the barre or courthouse Tom paused. He instantly perceived the person of the chief who occupied the building evidently because of the mourning for a dead warrior. As Grant and Alf passed into the clay built hut behind the interpreter they were astonished to catch a glimpse of the retreating back of a white man. There was no mistaking the brown linen clothing assumed by white traders nor the red hair that overspread the crown and back of the round head.

"A rascally trader," thought Grant, "stirring up strife between the natives and the syndicate for his own emolument."

"Tell the chief," he directed his interpreter, "that I want him to take back his war signs. Tell him to wait until Hindman can palaver."

This speech was transferred by Tom in guttural. A reply followed in the same tongue.

"Kawtoo says baas ain't shook his hand with present," translated Tom. "Kawtoo say he won't wait for Hindman."

"I'd rather punch his head," burst out the American as he angrily eyed the dirty chief squatted, in stubborn dignity, on his mat. "Tell him I'll make road palaver if there's no other way. Ask him what he wants to call off the strike."

"Chief says tell baas he wants a hundred bars. Then he'll take off the greegrees."

"That's outrageous," Grant stormed. "He only named fifty bars at camp; but I'll pay that in order to go on with the road."

Disdaining further controversy and wishing to return before the hour became too late Grant selected ten pounds in English currency from his purse and passed it to Tom together with a slip of paper written out in the form of a receipt.

"Tell him to sign that with his mark," directed the overseer.

This was accomplished after further explanations. Kawtoo seemed much pleased with the negotiation. He had gained more than he expected and, at the same time, had triumphed over Hindman's overseer.

Pocketing the receipt, whose cabalistic signs he hoped would frighten Kawtoo in keeping his agreement, Grant warned his attendants:

"Come, it's growing late. We must hasten."

Striding from the hut he, with his interpreter and two of the boatmen, hurried back to the river. They had passed the babel at the "cry house" and were well on their way before they discovered that Alf was missing.

"Where's the young boss?" Grant inquired, staring back uneasily in the direction they had traversed.

"Dere he come now," Tom answered at the rear. "He went out palaver hut back way."

"Back way!" Grant reiterated in a higher octave.

"Yas, baas. Young baas jumped out back door w'en we come out tudder."

Grant was disturbed at Alf's breach of etiquette. He stood waiting until the youth, panting, arrived at the spot.

"You don't exactly resemble my idea of a peace commissioner," dryly commented his friend.

"I wanted to get a look at the chap who sneaked out when we went in," gasped Alf in explanation of his delay.

"Your curiosity may be excusable," Grant commented dubiously. "But the chief will hardly overlook your bad manners. You're not supposed to bolt out past his chair of state into his back yard."

"Anyway," Alf gloated, "I caught that red headed cuss spying around the corner of the hut. And I'd know his phiz again, if I had to pick him out of an army. He's a beaut—flat nose, dirty beard, small gray eyes. Say, Johnny-B, what do you 'spose he's star boarding at Kawtoo's for?"

"He's probably an ivory trader," hazarded Grant.

"If that's the case," Alf said reflectively, "he's uncommonly bashful for a business man. He looked to be scared stiff by my squint at him."

"I imagine," admitted Grant, "that he is an adviser of the chief and a mischief breeding one at that. I'm told that many of these traders are a pernicious lot."

They had reached the landing and were embarking in the two canoes when Alf voiced a new conviction.

"It's my opinion," he declared with finality, "that Mr. Kawtoo can speak and understand English. Did you notice he looked considerably interested when you mentioned a desire to punch his head?"

"You may be right," Grant admitted. "The whole thing looks to me like a frame-up managed by the trader."

Nothing more was said concerning the negotiation during the remainder of the homeward trip. A sudden tropical rain, infrequent at that season, came roaring through the forest. Alf's canoe shot ahead urged by a vigorously applied paddle in his own hands. In a few minutes the pith helmets and linen clothing of the envoys were soaked. One familiar sound was silenced; they no longer heard the chatter and scream of parrots and monkeys. Behind them, warily following in the hope of gain, could be distinguished the dark ugly forms of skulking alligators. To add to the danger and discomfort of their situation, night closed down with the usual tropical abruptness. When the Americans stepped ashore at their journey's end the camp was in stygian blackness. Joe Barga met them with an account of fresh trouble.

"Maneater got Sam Kinna," he announced.

"Well," Alf commented unfeelingly, "I hope he didn't leave enough of Sam for a cry. If he did we'd have a merry hades of our own."

"Sam's all gone," assured Joe. "Tiger got him right way after dark."

As this was the fifth victim to the onslaughts of leopards and lions, Grant immediately arranged for guard duty. At a late hour utterly worn out by anxiety and exposure, he and Alf ate their tinned beef, boiled cassada and hard tack then turned in for the night.

Rain had ceased with the abruptness that marked its downpour. Out on the veldt lions prowled with long-drawn sullen roars. Monkeys voiced their discontent at the drenched forest by redoubled squalling. Unable to sleep, Grant lay unmeasured hours thinking of what he had relinquished and his reason for putting away all that made life worth while. During that mournful watch he allowed himself the ecstasy of reveling in memories of Ada Carroll. He recalled her dark, laughter-filled eyes, that could dangerously soften, her arched inviting lips, her piquant smiling face. The invoked image was both solace and torture. He thrilled at the sweet agony of love awakened and groaned at the realization of what he had forfeited. After all Grant was but human. For hours he tossed miserably then dozed. Morning found him in the grip of the dread jungle fever. Fall rains during the first two months of their stay, later anxiety and hard work, and the final soaking of the initiative spring rain had combined to his undoing.

"You, Johnny-B, are a down and outer," was Alf's diagnosis, "and yours truly is in for chief push."

With the practiced skill of a soldier from the fever-ridden swamps of the Philippines Alf, with Tom's assistance, rolled the unconscious overseer in a wet pack of linen and administered copious draughts of cool water.

"Baas plenty wet udder time; now he die," Tom prophesied dismally.

"Not while I live," Alf fiercely declared. "Nor will water harm a man in fever. Keep the sheets damp and give him all he can drink. It's his only chance. I'll set Kalifa at the cooking. You tend the boss. See?"

"Not Kalifa," Tom objected with alarm. "Kalifa's a Mohammedan. He'd stop the meat outen the boy's mouth lessen he killed it. An', there's the stewed monkey, baas. Kalifa won't cook monkey. It's contrar to his 'ligion. Baas, let Lango cook. Lango make good monkey stew. Make boys glad."

"All right," Alf agreed indifferently. "Have it your way."

Africans have the instinct of obedience highly developed and for this reason Tom faithfully followed out his hydropathic instructions. This left Alf free to drive the work of cutting. Through the jungle of native timber entwined with giant rubber vines the black gang continued to hew an opening along the surveyed route. The greegrees had disappeared as by magic and Alf, for Grant's sake, pushed the gang to their maximum speed. At best their progress was timed to an andante movement that exasperated the young overseer. To add to his annoyance during this trying period they camp cook reported an intermittent loss of supplies through the prowling of nocturnal thieves.

"I'll fix them," decided Alf and privately placed a set gun loaded with a charge of coarse salt.

That midnight he was aroused by the loud report of the firearm. Hastening in nondescript attire to the spot he discovered that the purloiner was Sam Cole, the assistant cook. For an hour he

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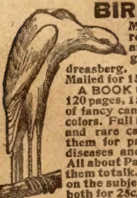

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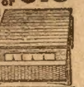

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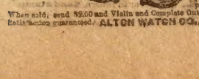

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labored to remove bits of rock salt from the person of the repentant black.

"Now," he said addressing the salted black, "you ain't so fresh as you were, Sam."

"No, baas," the negro agreed.

"And you won't force me to corn you again with a gun."

"No, baas."

"Then," directed Alf, "keep out of the supply tent and after this you may take your salt in the usual manner."

As the days passed Grant's condition gave Alf the gravest concern. The sick man failed to respond to treatment. With a country-bred faith in simple remedies the lad had not thought necessary to send a runner for one of the syndicate's doctors. Now he bitterly repented not having dispatched one of the blacks for a physician. Above all he desired the return of Hindman. Responsibility and anxiety weighed heavily on his young shoulders. He believed that the engineer, knowing the work to be elementary and lasting, did not intend to join them until necessary. He was, therefore, delighted when Hindman suddenly appeared. The German's keen, deep-set eyes soon mastered details of the work accomplished, Alf's difficulties and his overseer's need.

"Herr Brink gets as much work out of blacks as if every nigger was twins," was his delighted comment on the accomplished cutting.

"But the fever," mourned Alf. "What's to be done?"

"There's an American doctor a few miles up the survey hunting with friends. I passed their camp as I came. We'll send for him," was the engineer's quick decision.

When told of Kawtoo's hold up he smiled grimly.

"That old rascal has worked the bosses of three construction gangs in the same way. "I'll see that this ends it."

When Joe Barga, who had been dispatched for the physician, returned he was accompanied by a tall bronzed man, broad of shoulder and noble in feature. Upon entering the tent his linen clad form seemed to shrink the room's capacity. He seated himself on a camp chair that groaned beneath his weight and bent his kindly face, with its Scotch outline, above the invalid.

What he saw was an emaciated wreck with skin tanned to brown parchment, a heavy mustache covering the upper lip and a neglected growth of beard on the chin, eyes set in dark hollows and gazing into the vacancy of delirium.

"He's in a bad way, a bad way," frankly stated the doctor. "Give him this quinine and when he's up—if the poor fellow is ever up—get him out of Africa." The doctor glanced from Hindman to Alf. His eyes rested on the latter.

"I will," promised Alf with emphasis.

"What did you say the man's name is?" the doctor queried.

"John Brink," supplied Hindman. "He's my overseer."

"Well, John Brink has had a close call," the huge doctor told them, then gave Alf full directions and departed.

In the small hunting camp of the winter tourists, clad in short skirts and tanned to Gipsy brownness, there awaited the doctor's return a small dark-haired woman with piquant face. When the big linen clad physician arrived she met him in the open.

"Well, papa doctor, whom have you succored?" she demanded.

"The boss of the lower construction gang," he answered. "The poor fellow is almost dead with jungle fever."

"And you'll join him, papa Carroll, riding hours like this in the midday sun."

"Nonsense, Ada, you know I'm strong as an elephant. And just now I'm famished. Find me something filling, that's a good child."

Doctor Carroll and Ada had remained in Europe until the former had collected the data he desired for his encyclopedia then started at a leisurely pace for Egypt. The doctor's plans were flexible. He was out for a mammoth holiday and little cared wher it was spent providing the program pleased Ada. Therefore when, in Cairo, they encountered a botanist and his no less enthusiastic wife, two hunters of big game and an entomologist about to travel south to Khartoom by rail and on into the jungle, they were easily induced to join the party. After leaving Khartoom the little cavalcade, with camp equipment, pushed southward with guides and escort. Their final destination was to be the Uganda Railroad, but their hunting ground was to be in line with the surveyed route of the great African Overland. After weeks of open air sport that converted the doctor into a hale man of enviable eating and sleeping capacity, the tourists neared Grant's vicinity. Max Hindman passing, learned that one of their number was a physician and promptly used this knowledge for his overseer's benefit. When summoned Dr. Carroll did not hesitate to minister to a compatriot in distress. Hence the meeting at the antipodes of David Grant, the fugitive, and his former friend. The doctor, however, failed to recognize the wreck of humanity on the camp bed as the supposed suicide. Grant, in his delirium, knew no one—not even Alf. In this manner chance made an eccentric move.

After a hearty supper the big doctor smoke a social pipe with the returned hunters, talked bugs and botany with the scientists, then turned in to do full justice to his newly acquired power of slumber.

Next morning when, during the cool of day, the doctor set out to visit his strangely discovered patient Ada accompanied him. At the tent door the girl stayed her steps while her father examined the progress of his case. Then pity for the lone American caused her to lift the flap and step within. She wished to learn if the man might live. Her dark eyes rested on a sunbrowned faced of familiar outline, on clustering hair whose glossy beauty fever and tropics could not change. She gazed into fever-crazed eyes, but they were eyes that had, in other days, met her own love-filled, adoring.

"David," her brain seemed to shout, "David!"

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very strange happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

⁂

Money.

Money is a queer thing. You may have noticed this sometimes when you have been going to buy candy or warm woolen clothing or things. It is always turning up in queer ways, too. Last October saw an instance of this queerness near South Bend, which is just around the corner in Indiana. Mrs. Edward Casey took a spade and went out to the flower garden in her front yard to do her fall plowing, and she had not dug far before she saw a thing that looked somewhat like the rusty top of a ginger ale bottle. That is not what it was. It was a $20 gold piece. Before she had finished digging she had found $1,145 in gold. She supposes that it was buried by her father-in-law, who used to own the place where she lives.

And then there was Mrs. James Connolly, who lives in Poughkeepsie and is the neatest woman you ever saw. She likes to have papers blow into her front yard, because then she can go pick them up. She saw an old skirt blowing about in the street, and she went to pick it up and put it in the refuse heap when out from the pocket dropped a roll of bills. There was $800 in all, she found, and she could not think whom it belonged to until she remembered that her neighbor, Mrs. Maher, had been burned out of house and home the day before and that the skirt probably was hers. Mrs. Connolly went to Mrs. Maher and asked her, and Mrs. Maher said that the skirt and money were hers and that the wind must have blown them away from the pile of clothing that had been carried out of the house at the time of the fire.

There was Mrs. Ellen Decker, who is a railway ticket agent in a town near New York. A grasshopper jumped up to her little counter and stole a $1 bill, which he tried to carry away in his mouth. These are only a few instances to prove that money is queer.

⁂

Ladies and Gentlemen.

What is a lady? What is a gentleman? Foreigners of ancient lineage have been greatly amused at the elastic use of these words in democratic America, the Philadelphia Press asserts. Their mirth was contagious; the words, through indiscriminate use, became vulgarized; the real gentlewoman shuddered at thought of being a "lady;" the man of gentle manners, whether native or bred in him, began to dislike the word "gentleman" as he saw it applied in the directory to any kind of "rough man" or loafer.

It is a pity that these eminently desirable, respectable and descriptive titles should have fallen to disrepute. No matter to what station in life a man or woman may be born they can mount no higher in the social scale than to be worthy of the name of lady or gentleman. They must be worthy; they cannot ape the part. They may be in affluent circumstances; so much the better, noblesse oblige. They may toil for a living, and their gentleness shall enfold them like a garment. The woman is ever patient, tender, soft of speech, quick in sympathy, capable of self-sacrifice, modest and chaste.

And the gentleman? Thackeray found the four Georges, though kings, to be lacking in the true essence of gentility.

"What is it to be a gentleman?" he asks.

"It is to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honor virgin; to have esteem for your fellow citizens and the love of your fireside; to bear good fortune meekly; to suffer evil with constancy, and through evil or good to maintain truth always."

The man who measures up to this suggested standard may not exist, but one who tries even throughout his life diligently and without parade to attain it is assuredly a gentleman.

⁂

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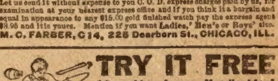

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Might doesn't always make right, but it seldom gets left.

Ability is a good thing to have concealed about your person.

Some women look upon a husband as a necessary incumbrance.

The less people know about you the more friends you will have.

It is wiser to trust some people with a secret than with a dollar.

Women have a pleasant way of being mean that no man can equal.

All the world doesn't lie within the boundaries of your back yard.

Your neighbor may be crooked, but what of your own straightness?

Anyway a man is usually justified in doing those he has been done by.

There are men in this world who simply can't get along without a boss.

A dentist may not be a society man, but he is right at home in a drawing-room.

Sometimes it is better to have loved and lost than to have been the other fellow.

England has one thing to be thankful for. The picture post card craze is dying out there.

But did you ever hear of a woman who earned her pin money by running a bowling alley?

Unfortunately the chap who is always shooting off his mouth never runs short of ammunition.

More people would feel all run down if they were to overhear their neighbors discussing them.

The happy women are not all married to good men; lots of happy women are not married at all.

"Joy cometh in the morning," we are told—but not to the man who has been making a night of it.

Monotony is so unattractive that even the gayest of us make a try at being good once in a great while—just for a change.

No, Alonzo, it isn't any wickeder for a man to separate you from your money by gambling than it is for him to steal it from you.

We can understand the case with which a fool and his money are parted, but what puzzles us is how the fool got the money to part with.

Imelda Arden's Crime;

Or, A Romance of the Ripwater

By WILLIAM T. BARTWICK

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Begun in No. 10, Jan. 11. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIV.

A COUNTRY MAID.

A BOY brought a note to Giles Kranbourne as he sat smoking an after breakfast cigar. What he saw brought a pursing of the lips, a low whistle of plain astonishment. This is what he read:

"Mr. Kranbourne: Am under arrest. Would be glad to see you about bail.
"CALCRAFT."

His daughter came in as her parent was about to go out. He had laid the note open on the table before him. The girl's quick eye had caught the name signed to the missive. She at once caught it up and mastered its contents at a glance.

"Dear heart, what does it mean, papa?" and Surelia turned her soft violet eyes upon her father's face inquiringly.

"You can comprehend as well as I, daughter," said he.

"Under arrest! For what? I did not know that Rand was in town."

"Nor did I. He has absented himself for over a month. It looks like he has come home only to get into trouble."

"You will go over at once, papa?"

"That's what I thought of doing, Surelia."

"And if he is really in any trouble—"

"Don't worry, little girl, it'll be all right when I get there. Some misunderstanding no doubt."

Th lumberman kissed his daughter and hurried away to police headquarters. He found there was no mistake in the fact of the land-cruiser's being under arrest. The prisoner was a trifle pale, yet calm. He was pleased to see his friend the timber owner, for whom he had managed a good many land deals during the past two years.

"What seems to be the trouble, Rand?" asked Kranbourne with a grave outswing of the hand. "Nothing serious I hope?"

"I am not fully advised as to that," returned the land-cruiser.

The accusation against the young man was read, proving to be a charge of aid and sustenance to one Imelda Arden, embezzler of large sums from her guardian, one Giles Kranbourne.

The landowner frowned and seemed plainly displeased.

"Who is at the bottom of this?" he demanded haughtily. Kranbourne possessed considerable dignity when his feelings were aroused as now. He faced the court with angry irritation.

"The charge has been preferred by James Hadley, deputy sheriff for the county," came the propmt reply.

"A nasty piece of impertinence," sneered the millionaire. "Who dares insinuate that my ward has done this thing? I tell you, I don't like the look of this at all. I will sign for Mr. Calcraft's release."

This was done and Calcraft walked forth a free man for the time being.

"You will dine with me today," said the lumberman.

The land-cruiser assented. He had much of importance to talk over with his wealthy friend. When he arrived at the house Surelia ran down the steps to meet the returned wanderer.

The girl had a spontaneous, unconventional nature. It was something of this that had attracted Rand and made him the stanch friend and adviser of the gentle "Belle of Bark City."

"I am so glad you have come!" cried the girl, appropriating the young man to herself and leading him into the pretty parlor.

"I'll meet you immediately after luncheon," said the landowner as he went back to his den and his cigar.

Rand would liked to have followed him thither at once had it been permitted. He was very full of his subject—the story of Imelda's adventures and future prospects. He knew that he owed something to Surelia to whom he had almost declared himself on a former occasion. He was not quite so infatuated now. By no means, however, would he have liked to see Legrand Troth step in and carry off the girl.

"Now, sir, set yourself down and give an account of yourself," said she, a mocking frown of command on her bright face.

Calcraft obeyed so far as sitting down went.

"Now what shall I say?"

"A lot of things," laughed the girl. "You know you promised to see me that day before you went north and you broke your word. What punishment shall I mete out to you to pay for that, Sir Knight of Sawlog and Compass?"

"Anything you like, Surelia," was his meek response.

"You plead guilty to the charge of desertion then?"

"Most assuredly; anything to please you, girlie."

"Oh, but you are altogether too meek," and Miss Kranbourne went up to him and plucked him playfully by the ear. "Honest, though, Rand, I think you owe me, even me, an apology."

"Consider your slighest wish gratified," said he, "and go ahead with your lecture."

"Now, Randy, you're mad," pouting prettily. "Do you know, some very important events have taken place since you left Bark City. Aren't you curious?"

"Very much so; that is my besetting sin."

"An awful thing has happened."

"Indeed! You alarm me—at least I should feel alarm only that I see you before me, safe and sound. What has happened?"

"Imelda has run away with daddy's money."

"Imelda?"

"I forgot; you don't know her of course; but you have heard me speak of her more than once. I don't know her very well myself, none of us did for that matter, not even papa. He trusted her to his sorrow."

The visiting young man showed interest at once, making numerous inquiries as the girl went along. Soon he was in possession of all the facts so far as Miss Kranbourne knew them.

Imelda Arden was a girl who had been left to her parent's care by a man who lay on his death bed at the time.

"Tonkaway and papa had been friends from a long ways back, and when the old halfbreed came to die he willed his little, motherless daughter to him. Sort of romantic wasn't it?"

"Very much so indeed," agreed her listener. He was interested, since Surelia was telling something new to Rand. Imelda had refused to talk of her past to the land-cruiser, and, being a gentleman, he had not been over curious about the matter.

"Papa was very considerate of mamma's feelings and did not thrust his little Indian ward upon us while she was alive. In fact dear mamma never knew anything about Imelda, nor did I till papa fetched her home a few months ago, requesting me to love her for his sake."

"I should think you could love her for her own, Surelia," interjected the young man with heightened color. "A nicer girl than Imelda doesn't live."

"What!" exclaimed the girl with a start. "Do you know her?"

And thus had the young man put his foot in it clean over the instep.

The surprised look on the face of Miss Kranbourne, the innocent questioning in the big violet eyes, probed her quondam lover to the quick.

"Why, yes," he stammered, "I have met her."

"Met her? Where—when? I'm sure she was never at the house when you were here."

There was a brief hesitancy on the part of Rand ere he answered.

"It was not here that I had the pleasure of making the young lady's acquaintence," he said at length. "It was by merest accident that we met a long ways from here. I found her quite the lady, and I am sure not the daughter of a halfbreed, not by any means."

He flushed painfully as he spoke, being under the scanning eyes of his lady love, who seemed very much disturbed over his surprising announcement.

"Away from here you met Imelda Arden," she said, rather to herself than to her visitor. "And you told me nothing about it. Did you know that she was papa's ward at the time?"

"I did."

"And yet you never mentioned your meeting her, not even to papa!"

Evidently the girl was shocked.

"How could I since this is my first call since my meeting with Imelda?"

"Ah—indeed!"

The look she gave him went over him like an electric shock.

"I beg your pardon, I will explain," he cried quickly.

"I should think you had better."

The haughty toss of that little head, crowned as it was with its fluffy golden hair, quite disconcerted him. Through it all, however, he felt a glow stealing into every vein, pleading the cause of Imelda.

"I met Imelda Arden by pure accident, far up in the north country, among the big white pine woods, met her when least expected—"

"What—while you were on your last trip?" queried Surelia with the pretty eagerness of a child. Her eyes were dilating and she seemed very much in earnest. She was on her feet now, leaning toward her caller.

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"Yes," he conceded, "it was on my last trip to the big pine country that I met Imelda Arden for the first time, and I am here now to plead her cause and demand that she no longer be persecuted. She has been grievously wronged—"

"Rand, Rand, what are you saying?" broke in Surelia, flushing with ill concealed emotion. "If you have met that girl it is since she ran away from home and by her acts caused papa and me a whole lot of trouble. You should have brought the wicked girl back here where she could be punished."

"Punished for what?"

"Many things—for robbing papa!"

"Do you know she has done that, Surelia?"

"Why, yes, certainly. It was in the blood—all Indians steal!"

"[illegible]! Surelia, you shall not slander that girl like this." Rand rose with flushed face and angry eyes. "I met her and learned to [illegible] much respect her character."

"[illegible] he has none," flatly declared Miss Kranbourne. "If you have come here to defend the acts of a criminal you may just go away. I will not countenance such talk for one moment. Imelda, true to her tainted blood, snuggled into papa's confidence only to betray it at the first opportunity. You can tell me nothing about her character, Rand, I know it better than you do."

"Very well," and Calcraft made as if to go.

He hesitated at the door expecting her to detain him. She did not. Her head was held as high as his own, and he realized that the lumberman's daughter was not to be trifled with.

So incensed was the land-cruiser he failed to call and partake of luncheon with his patron; instead he wandered into the byways of the city, and at night fetched up at a small French cafe in a humble part of town.

Seating himself at a table Calcraft gave his order, after which he scanned the occupants of the room. Of a sudden his gaze became fixed on the occupant of a chair at a small table in one corner. Could he believe his eyes?

Seated alone was Nick Torrand, smoking a cigarette!

CHAPTER XV.

"BLACKMAILER."

It was evening in Bark City.

Giles Kranbourne had been walking in the park after a more or less heated interview with the Detroit millionaire, Legrand Troth.

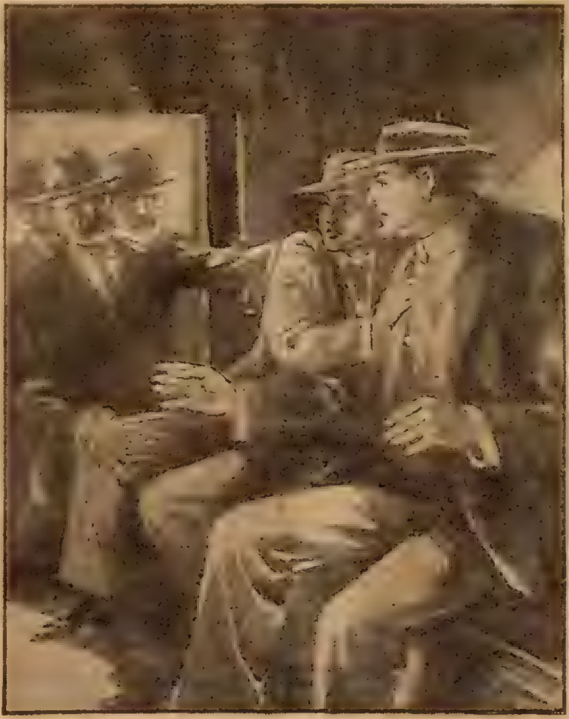
The affairs of the firm were still in a tangled condition, and the Ripwater lumberman was not yet out of the slough. He had ample assets could he but realize from them, to meet all obligations.

Troth, however, had bought up everything possible to find against the lumberman and was pushing his claims to a finish, hoping to break the man and add vast stretches of valuable pine to his own inherited acres at less than half their value.

In planning to outwit the schemer, Kranbourne had called on his newly installed ward—newly installed at Hillhaven, the lumberman's palatial Bark City home. Then, when everything seemed moving to his satisfaction, this ward slips away between two days with money and bonds in her possession amounting to nearly a million dollars.

It was then that Surelia, his only child, turned and denounced the fair Imelda as a wicked, scheming minx who had got into the heart and soul of her parent only to ruin him.

There was a secret in the life of Imelda that the daughter had partly solved. She had learned to her own satisfaction that the ward was the daughter of a French halfbreed named Tonkaw[illegible], and that from him Kranbourne had [illegible] the [illegible] at the [illegible] death [illegible] [illegible] had questioned her father about [illegible] to be told that this man Tonk[illegible]y had at one time rendered the lumberman a valuable service, and that because of this he was in duty bound to rear the orphan daughter as one of his own household.



"You are my prisoner!"

All this did not come to Surelia's knowledge until many years after Imelda had come under the care of her parent. The latter had kept Miss Arden in another home than his own during her childhood and youth, not bringing her to live at Hillhaven till she was a woman grown.

It was about this time that Legrand Troth became a factor in the situation, having fallen violently in love with the Ripwater lumberman's quarterbreed ward. Kranbourne smiled on the Detroiter's suit, but not so Imelda. She spurned his advances, after which, as we have seen, Troth turned his love-making upon Miss Surelia, and with no better success.

Giles had been pacing the floor in an uneasy manner when a visitor was announced.

"Ah!" exclaimed the lumberman, as a fat figure entered the room. "So it is you, Herr Professor. I have been thinking of you."

"And no sooner do your thoughts run in such a channel than in pops the genii," chuckled the genial Shaffenberger.

"So it seems, Karl. When did you come down?"

"This afternoon. I have important business with you, that's why I didn't wait till morning. You are having a little trouble I understand?"

"You refer to my ward I suppose?"

"Well, yes. You have offered a reward for her arrest—"

"Just a moment, Herr Karl," interrupted the lumberman. "You are putting it too strong. I would not have her arrested—that is, I—"

"That is, you want to know her whereabouts, and you want that stolen money back, all those important papers, without opening up the skeleton in your closet; is that it?" and the keen eyes of the speaker pierced very annoyingly.

"Something of the sort," admitted the other, biting his lip. "Your reference to a skeleton is, however, puzzling.

"Most men have such things," and the fat body of the caller hunched into a chuckling [illegible].

"Do th[illegible]"

"[illegible] they not?"

"I am not prepared to sit in judgment on other men."

"Nor am I. I came simply to claim that reward."

"What!" with a quick, apprehensive start. "Do you mean—"

That I have caught your runaway ward? Yes, that is exactly what I mean."

"And you have fetched her with you to the city?"

"No, not to the city," and Herr Karl viewed the other with a wise smile. "You see, I am a little hard up just now, Giles, and I can't afford to take chances

"Take chances; what do you mean?" The speaker frowned annoyedly.

"I mean that there shall be no slip betwixt cup and lip. I want the reward for finding the runaway. She is in good hands and, if you like, will be returned to Hillhaven within twenty-four hours that is, after the reward is paid."

Kranbourne, who had till now been pacing about uneasily, drew a chair near to his visitor and sat down. He was so near that he laid a hand on the arm of the professor as he said:

"To tell the truth, Herr Karl, I am in no hurry to see Imelda. She is a very capable young woman and can easily look out for herself. The storm has nearly past; when it has fully done so, the lady will return of her own volition."

"Then this offer of a reward was—"

"Only for effect, my dear Herr Karl."

"And did you connive at her departure? If you did you are one grand scoundrel!" The professor exhibited considerable heat.

"Don't heat yourself unnecessarily, my dear professor. There is no call for indignation even. Imelda and her guardian understand each other. If you have been to any expense in coming here, why—"

"I am not here seeking charity," indignantly uttered the visitor.

"I did not imagine that of course."

"And you decline to keep your promise, do you, Giles Kranbourne?" said the professor, rising to his feet. "I thought you a man of honor—"

"There you go again, my dear sir, making trouble for yourself when there is none. As I tried to tell you, I am ready to pay you any little sum you may have expended in coming to me with this information regarding my ward. I am certainly glad to hear that she is in good hands, and I don't want you to think I am unresponsive—"

"Giles Kranbourne, listen to me,"

* * *

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"You make me think of Valma, the Bond street beauty doctor. A lady from Grosvenor square visited Valma, and the man said to her:

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"'But doctor,' faltered the lady. 'I'm only 32!'"

* * *

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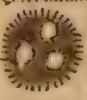
He—You will have to kiss the dog, I think lady. He was the one what rescued you.



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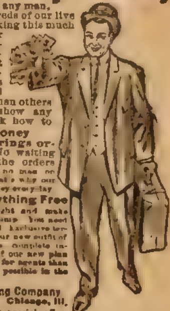

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broke forth Professor Shaffenberger with ashing eyes and heaving bosom. "Your ward ran away with a lot of your money—"

"Hers, sir, hers," corrected the lumberman quickly.

"But you were robbed—"

"Wait, wait, before you jump at conclusions," cried Kranbourne. "My ward may have indiscreetly taken money, but I have been careful to remedy any little discrepancy in that quarter by donating the money as well as deeds of a lot of timber lands to her in fee simple. You see, sir, Imelda Arden has taken only her own after all. I trust you will give yourself no further uneasiness on the subject. I am tired this evening, Herr Shaffenberger, and would very much prefer to be alone."

This was meant to be a dismissal. Herr Karl bit his lip as he walked to the door. He did not go out, however. The professor had not played his best card. He stood hesitatingly on the threshold of the room as if waiting.

"I thank you for the interest you have taken in my affairs, Herr Professor," said the smiling lumberman. "Come again sometime when I have more time on my hands."

"Thank you, but when will that be?" asked the visitor quickly.

"Oh, almost any time after tonight."

Herr Karl turned about, retraced his steps and sat coolly down again.

"I think tonight as good a time for us to come to an understanding, Mr. Kranbourne. I would ask how you came into the present fortune you seem to be enjoying?" Was it wealth stolen from a dead man's hard earned hoard?"

"Eh? You speak in riddles."

"You got your start from money stolen from the children of a man who trusted you to the fullest. I know all about how you robbed old Tonkaway's heirs to line your own pockets. I use harsh terms, but think your act befitting plain language."

The drawn face of the millionaire twitched, the paleness, so noticeable always, deepening to an ashen gray. He stood now facing his chubby caller, a sodden gloom taking the place of his late lightness of manner.

"This little episode in my past life seems never to down," Kranbourne cried out bitterly. "You are in league with that scoundrel Troth to annoy me to the limit. I have ceased to affirm or deny the baseless yarns—"

"Not baseless yarns by any means," broke forth Herr Karl raspingly. "I have the proofs," at which the fat man produced a letter from an inner pocket and waved it in the face of his host. "I am prepared to prove every word I utter on this subject, Giles Kranbourne, every word—you hear me?"

But the lumberman, although he heard, did not offer speech.

"From this letter, which contains the written statement of this man Tonkaway I learn that to your care he bequeathed his only child, with the understanding that it should be educated and cared for with money which you would find buried at the foot of a sycamore tree growing near the Ripwater. Said money, in gold and silver amounted to the snug sum of ten thousand dollars. Do you deny this, Giles Kranbourne?"

"No, I neither affirm nor deny."

The speaker forced a sickly half smile.

"Nor will you deny that you turned this money to your own use, thus robbing the Tonkaway heir?"

"If I used the money to win a fortune the heir cannot complain since she shares her good fortune with me."

"Ah, but does he?"

"He? What do you mean?"

"I mean that Tonkaway's sole heir is now in sickness and poverty, while you and the pretended heiress revel in stolen riches," thundered the fat man dramatically.

"You are out of your mind, Herr Karl," said the lumberman with great unconcern. "The only heir was a girl—Miss Imelda Arden—"

"There, there!" almost yelled Herr Karl, flourishing his letter, "is where you give yourself away. Imelda Arden to be sure, but not Tonkaway. She is not the old halfbreed's daughter; she is an Arden, understand, consequently not necessarily the heiress to the money buried under the old sycamore tree."

"I understand all that, Karl," assented the lumberman calmly. "The halfbreed made no claim that Imelda was his child; only a stepdaughter you understand, yet quite like a daughter to him, and his sole heir."

"If the old halfbreed told you this he did not tell the whole truth," said the fat Herr Karl. "He had an own child, a son named Antoine. Any one seeing this boy would at once pronounce him the son of Tonkaway. He is entitled to that hidden money and to all that has accrued from its use during all the years since the coin was dug up and appropriated to your use. You see that I have you on the hip, old chap—"

"There is the door!"

Kranbourne, white to the lips stood over his visitor trembling.

"Go, blackmailer, go, and never darken my doors again!"

With that the lumberman seized his visitor by the arm, led him across the floor, opened the door and thrust him forcibly from the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

NICK TORRAND ONCE MORE.

That Calcraft was astonished when he saw the boy in the cafe, and smoking a cigarette at that, goes without saying.

For several seconds the land-cruiser fixed a stare on the slender figure in the corner.

The cigarette smoker presently caught sight of the other. The effect was magical. The narcotic roll was most suddenly tossed aside. The boy arose like a flash and made for the door.

Rand was up at once, in hot pursuit.

"Hold on a moment, my lad," called the land-cruiser.

To this, however, the boy paid no heed. He darted through the swinging door, out into the night.

His pursuer was not far behind. A man collided with Calcraft, sending him in a dizzy spin back against the building.

"Confound you!" growled the land-cruiser.

"The same to you, sir."

A heavy hand detained Calcraft.

"What's your blamed hurry?"

The speaker was Legrand Troth. Rand pushed the fellow aside with angry impatience. During this detainment his quarry had disappeared.

"Did you see that boy?" queried Rand thoughtlessly.

"Yes, I saw a boy. Who was it?"

"No matter."

Calcraft had regained his caution. He knew that this brainless Detroiter would have been glad enough to lay hands on Imelda Arden. He had on one occasion, recognized her in this selfsame garb.

"Stop and give an account of yourself. How did you get out of jail?"

The young millionaire clung to the sleeve of Rand. There seemed but one way to be rid of him and that way our hero adopted.

A short arm jab sent the Detroiter sprawling. Before the yells of the fallen man attracted notice Rand was speeding away down the ill-lighted street.

He had no means of knowing where to find the one he sought. It was a puzzle to him to understand how and why the beautiful ward of Giles Kranbourne had returned to Bark City.

Surely the place was a wholly unsafe one. Her masquerading again in boy's togs was a painful stab to Rand.

He was growing more and more in love with the girl; to have her act as she was doing jarred him to the quick. He would find her and ascertain why she was again in the city, and in disguise.

He flung mental anathemas at Troth for impeding his progress. But for that he would have had no trouble in capturing Torrand.

The land-cruiser wandered about for an hour before encountering the object of his search.

He saw the boy Torrand issuing from a cigar store. He glanced keenly about him, then walked jauntily away, puffing still at a cigarette.

Again that stab of pain shot to the heart of the man in pursuit. It was this consciousness of hurt that convinced Rand of his love for the queer Miss Arden.

"You go no farther till you give an account of yourself."

Calcraft laid hold of Torrand's arm, whirling him gently yet forcibly about.

"Please let go my arm; you hurt."

"Imelda, what does this mean?"

"What does what mean?"

The disguised girl smiled in his face

"This masquerading; this unladylike action—"

"Oh, oh, it's this little cigarette business!" and she laughed a gay low laugh of merriment at his expense. He felt a distinct shock at this levity. She had saved his life at one time; he owed much to her, and yet she had, it seemed to him, hardened very much since a few days ago.

"I don't understand," he began.

"It isn't necessary that you should, Mr. Calcraft." She blew a coil of sweet-scented smoke across his face. He breathed it in with a gulp of half choked dismay. What a reckless creature she was getting to be.

"Miss Arden—"

"Now, sir, I won't stand for a lecture," protested the seeming boy. "It is your own fault if you find me enjoying myself to the top of my bent tonight; it may be for the last time and I mean to make the most of it. I have become tired of running away from imaginary enemies and am going back to Hillhaven and face it out. I've had a gay good time all the same and nobody hurt, I trust."

"Yes, there is one person hurt, Miss Arden."

"And who is that, pray?"

She lifted her glorious dark eyes to his face in a manner most confusing. Despite his shocked feelings over her changed manners, he was more madly infatuated than ever.

"I am the one who is hurt," he said.

"That is too bad—"

"And it is you who have done it, Imelda. I have put myself out to find you and caution you of danger."

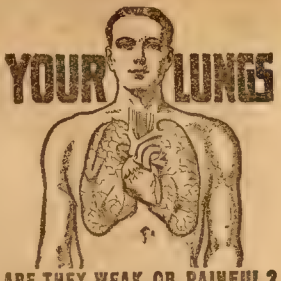
"What danger do you mean?"

"Legrand Troth is in the city."

"I care not the snap of my finger for that man," cried the girl with an indignant toss of her head. "I shall soon beard the tiger in his den. Have you seen the folks at Hillhaven?"

"I saw Surelia."

"Good. What had she to offer?"



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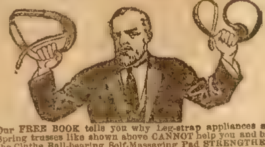

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* * *

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* * *

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"Some things that astonished me."

"No doubt of that at all. She discussed me of course."

"Why of course?"

"For the reason that she has it in for me; has had ever since I set foot under the Hillhaven roof. She hates me; has even called me a little Indian to my face. What do you think of that, Sir Knight?"

A sudden seriousness dominated the girl now, the half saucy, fully defiant air completely gone.

"I think it very mannish and cruel," returned Rand sympathetically.

"Had her father been as cruel I should have long ago been banished from Hillhaven. I am going back now to tell a story that will open more pairs of eyes than one. Guardy has been very good to me, but it has been because of the mistaken idea that I was the child of his dead friend of long ago."

At this moment Rand hailed a cab, assisting the girl to a seat, taking one at her side. He ordered cabby to drive to the Water Gap, a small village several miles away. This would give him time to talk at length with Miss Arden, which he very much desired.

"You just now said that you were going to open your guardian's eyes. Has he then been so very blind? You interest me and I should like to hear all about it. You have learned by this time that I am your friend—even more than friend if you would permit it."

He spoke very softly as the carriage rattled along. His hand went out and clasped hers unresistingly.

Despite her hoydenish manners he knew she could be a lady, and although his sensibilities had received more or less of a shock tonight, he was yet very much overcome by her charms.

"I have trusted you, Sir Knight," she returned, "and I am going to trust you still farther. You did me a good turn, in fact stood my friend when to do so meant not only inconvenience, but danger to yourself. Believe me, sir, I appreciate your goodness, indeed I do."

A little, pathetic quaver in her voice touched him deeply.

"We are true friends all right," assured he. "Now tell me all your troubles, Imelda."

She leaned confidingly against his shoulder.

"I shall be frank to do so," said she. "I have learned so much about the Bark City land-cruiser that I no longer fear to trust him. When I left home, disguised as you see me now, I had no idea of the many adventures I was to pass through before I came to the end. It was, I imagined, to be rather a jolly lark than anything quite serious. The end has justified me in making the attempt. Guardy would feel no less shocked than have you been did he see me now. But then, dear old Guardy will forgive me, I am sure of that."

A deep sigh followed the words.

"But I thought you hated your guardian?"

"All a mistake, sir. Maybe I did lead you to think so. I have been very wicked I fear."

"I lend you evidence to confirm that fear," quickly responded he.

"Ah, then you will hate me after all!"

A little, convulsive shiver thrilled her slim form. He felt her draw away from him.

"Don't do that," he said. "You and I must always be friends, Imelda Arden, always, to the very gates of death."

The earnestness of his voice reassured her. She snuggled against his heart and soon a low sob met his ear. It was like that moaning cry that had so warmed and magnetized him at the Rockville tavern when he first came to know Nick Torrand as the runaway girl from Bark City.

Soon the sobs died into sweet silence. Calcraft sat and held the girl's head against his heart for a long, blissful time.

"I think," she suddenly cried, starting up, "that it is time to go back. Where are you taking me, Mr. Calcraft?"

The bit of apprehension in her voice was not quite pleasing.

"Nowhere in particular," said he.

"Then tell the driver to wheel about and return. Is it too late for me to get to Hillhaven tonight?"

"It will be late against you get there," he said. "Put off your return till morning. You have friends in the city—"

"No," with a quick low cry. "It is Hillhaven or—"

"Or the home of one of my friends. You are safe with me, Imelda. Now do not borrow trouble. I am to hear the great secrets you have discovered, secrets that when made known will startle Hillhaven, after which it shall be home with you, or—"

"Home, of course, sir."

"Very good, only you will scarcely think of breaking in on them in your present garb."

"Won't I though? That is what I donned it for, to frighten Surelia out of her wits."

"You do not think much of Miss Kranbourne it seems," said he, wincing under her allusion to his boyhood friend. "I always liked her—"

"Surelia? Oh, she's good enough only—"

"Hold up, cabby, we want to see your passenger!"

A loud command from outside brought the cab to a sudden halt.

Another instant and the door was pulled open, a light flashing into the faces of the occupants.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON THE STREET.

Beneath the gleaming light were the grim features of Deputy Sheriff Hadley. Torrand was next to the door and the officer's hand was laid not lightly on her shoulder.

"You are my prisoner!"

Another pair of hands seized and pulled the disguised girl from the cab, leaving her companion to face the muzzle of a revolver.

Calcraft was up like a flash.

He made a lunge to knock the officer down. At the same moment the horses attached to the cab started suddenly, flinging the land-cruiser from his feet.

Face down into the road plunged our hero, getting a severe jolt. By the time he regained his feet a pair of handcuffs were snapped over his wrists.

The situation was one most humiliating to the land-cruiser.

He saw that the sheriff had two companions, one of them being the Detroit detective Fogg.

Eel-like Torrand had slipped through the fingers of her captor and disappeared in the darkness.

"Don't let her escape!" called Hadley.

His warning came too late, however, since the disguised maid had disappeared in the gloom of night. It was a most lucky escape. Calcraft actually laughed in the face of his captors.

A hasty search was made of the vicinity without results.

Again Rand gave rein to his joy in a second, more boisterous outburst.

"Hush that noise," snarled Fogg to whom the task of securing the girl had been delegated. "You'll pay dear for aiding and abetting a criminal to escape."

"Oh, no, I guess not," said Calcraft.

The cab was made use of to convey the prisoner to the lockup.

Chagrined and angry the young man demanded to know why he was thus summarily dealt with.

"You will know all in good time," assured the officer.

Rand was so elated over the escape of Imelda as to feel quite reconciled to the fate that had befallen himself. One night in a cell did not dampen the young land-cruiser's ardor. He knew he would be released in the morning at farthest.

"Of what am I charged?" asked Calcraft the moment he was haled into court.

"Resisting an officer in the discharge of his duty."

To this, after a moment's reflection, our hero pleaded guilty, and on paying a fine, was discharged.

As may be imagined, the young man was in no pleasant mood when he found himself once more upon the street a free man.

"I have a lot of scores to even up in this town before I return to my timber-looking," he muttered, with lowering brows and angry eyes. "This man Hadley has overstepped his authority, urged on no doubt by Legrand Troth. If any harm comes to Miss Arden through him I'll shoot him as I would a dog!"

There were doings in the courtroom that day which attracted the land-cruiser's attention. He set out for Hillhaven determined on having a talk with the lumberman about Imelda and about some occurrences of a puzzling nature, when he was met on the way by Kranbourne who was walking briskly, his face a bit troubled with frowns.

"Glad to see you," said the lumberman as he shook the hand of his young employe. "I was on my way to the circuit courtroom. Will you come along; or or have you had enough of courting?" This last evidently referred to Rand's former arrest, since it was not likely that Kranbourne had heard of his last night's adventure.

Rand was very anxious to talk with the lumberman about his ward.

"She is in the city," said he, after the ice had been broken, and the two were walking along in company.

"Imelda in the city!"

Kranbourne stopped short and faced his companion with a surprised look.

"I saw her last night," avowed the land-cruiser.

"Saw my ward last night? You surely must be mistaken."

"No, I am not mistaken," assured the land-cruiser, "I saw and talked with Imelda Arden last evening. I was on my way this morning to call and talk with you about her, Mr. Kranbourne."

"Talk with me about my—my ward. Yes, yes, I see. But when, where did you meet her? It is very strange that she should return to town and not come at once to her—to me, indeed it is. I did not remember that you and she had met."

"Did not Surelia tell you?"

"Surelia told me nothing. She is not friendly toward Imelda, for which I am very sorry. The two, who ought to be the very best of friends, have been at swords' points ever since I brought my—er my ward to live at Hillhaven. If the poor child is in Bark City I must see her at once. It was a mistake, her going away as she did, you know. Don't you think so, Rand?"

"Certainly I think so," emphatically declared the land-cruiser. "And yet I am in ignorance of the cause. I wanted to

(Continued on page twenty.)

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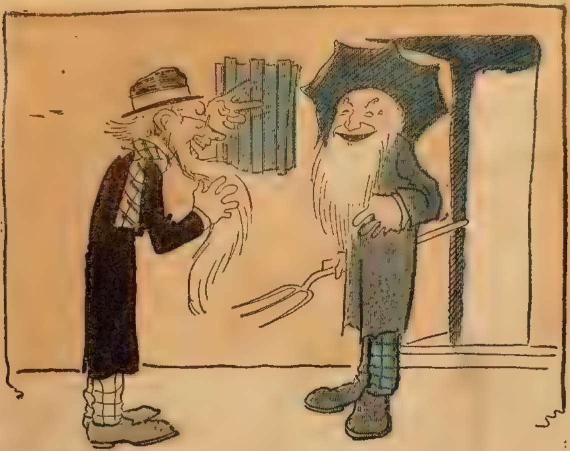
STUNG.



Hiram—Bill Jones gave a firm in the East $5 for a recipe to kill potato bugs.

Silas—Did he get it?

Hiram—Sure! They advised him to stop raising potatoes and let them starve tp death.

In the Boston Way.

"Now, dearie," said the Boston nurse, "I want you to learn this nice little poem about 'Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers.'"

"Shan't!" answered the Boston child, much in the manner of other children.

"Oh, naughty, naughty! Why, Waldo, why won't you learn this pretty poem?"

"For two reasons," answered Waldo. "In the first place, the alliteration of the line you quote is so excessive as to destroy any literary finish that such adventitious aids to metrical composition might lend if used more sparingly. And in the second place, consider the impossibility of picking peppers which have already been pickled. The whole thing is beneath the attention of any intelligent person."

* * *

A Natural Actor.

On one occasion Sir William S. Gilbert went to the theater for the express purpose of encouraging a young actor who had shown signs of nervousness in a new part in one of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. When the promising young man made his exit into the wings perspiration was streaming down his face. Sir William looked at him a moment, and said, in tones of intense admiration: "How well your skin acts!"

* * *

Depressing Discovery.

"Did you learn anything while you were in the East?" asked Piute Pete.

"I should say I did," replied Broncho Bob. "I went to a cowboy play and found out that the costumes and dialect we fellows are using out here are all wrong."

Rostand and the Law.

An American friend of Edmond Rostand says that the great dramatist once told him of a curious encounter he had had with a local magistrate in a town not far from his own.

It appears that Rostand had been asked register the birth of a friend's newly arrived son. The clerk at the registry office was an officious little chap, bent on carrying out the letter of the law. The following dialogue ensued:

"Your name sir?"

"Edmond Rostand."

"Vocation?"

"Man of letters and member of the French Academy."

"Very well, sir. You must sign your name. Can you write? If not, you may make a cross."

* * *

Disadvantages of Progress.

"Isn't the aeroplane wonderful?" asks the young man. "The automobile was a marvelous improvement over the horse and buggy, but the—"

"I hardly know," interrupts the fair young thing. "It seems to me that every time they invent a new way of riding they get further and further away from the advantage of the old-fashioned method, when the lines could at times be tied around the whipstock."

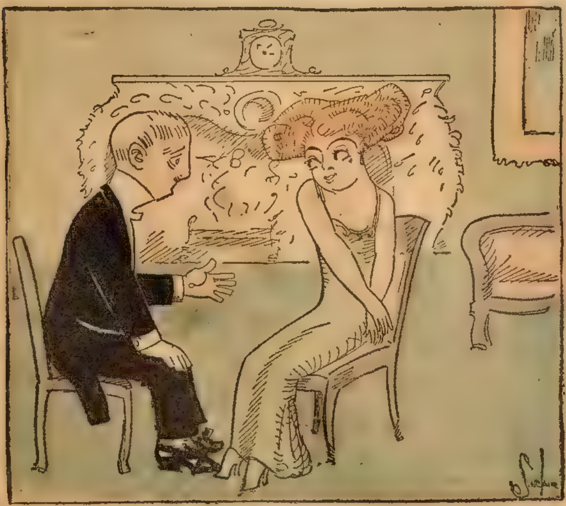
* * *

A Paradox.

The street car conductor opened the door to the front platform to collect his fares. He encountered five policemen riding home from work.

"Five coppers," remarked the conductor, slamming the door, "and not a nickel in the bunch."

TITLE PAPERS LOST.



"How old is the title in your family, Baron?"

"I really can't say, madam! You see, our family papers were all lost at the time of the flood!"

TICKLISH

No Chance.

At a charity bazaar in a New England town an elderly gentleman was approached by a charming young woman who urged that he take a "chance" on a meerschaum pipe.

"I'd be glad to take a chance if I smoked," said the old gentleman pleasantly.

"Oh, but you can learn!" exclaimed the young woman. "Do take a chance. Only a quarter."

"No thank you," said the old gentleman. "Tobacco doesn't agree with me. Why, I'd have no earthly use for that pipe."

"Take a chance anyway," persisted the young woman. "There isn't the least probability of your winning it, you know."

* * *

Her Husband's Views.

"Is this a pretty hat?"

"Yes; but you are not looking for a pretty hat. What you want is a hat that is fashionably hideous."

Shy.

"Gustave's letters to me are exceedingly dull and commonplace," said one fair girl.

"Don't you know why?" responded the other.

"No."

"Gustave once served on the jury in a breach of promise case."

* * *

The Strenuous Life.

He—Fancy you getting engaged to that Dollington man. What does he do to earn a living?

She—Don't be absurd, Jack. You know he hasn't time to earn a living while we are engaged.

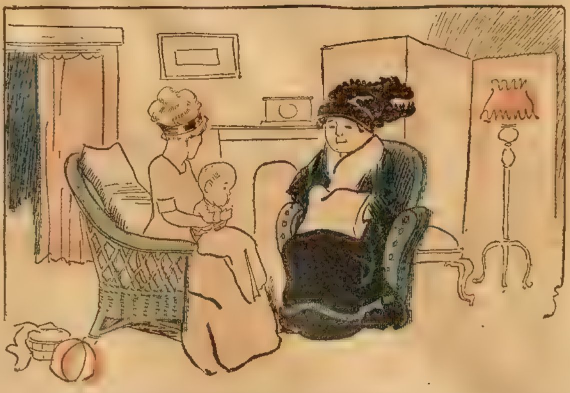
* * *

Ways of Fame.

"Did you really say all the clever things atributed to you by the aneadote writers?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum; "I didn't exactly say 'em. But I indorsed 'em."

MEAN COMPARISON.



Mrs. Nextdoor—Does it disturb the baby when I play the piano in my apartments?

Mrs. Flatte—Oh, no! He rather enjoys it. And it saves me the trouble of beating on a tin pan to soothe him when he cries.

Dreams.

First Tragedian—Ah! Deah boy! The chance of my life came last night. Izaacstein offered me 30 shillings a week to play Hamlet. The contract was drawn up—he lent me his fountain pen to sign with, when

Second Tragedian—You woke up!

First Tragedian—How did you know?

Second Tragedian—By the salary, my pippin. I've dreamt like that myself!

* * *

Smart Jimmy.

The boy who was asked to name the seven wonders of the world stumbled along until he had totaled six. There he stalled.

"Can any pupil add the seventh?" the teacher asked. "Perhaps you can, Jimmy?"

"If you please, sir," replied Jimmy, "I think it's the triple play unassisted."

* * *

Not Difficult.

"I am determined to live in luxurious surroundings and eat and drink the best the land affords," said the frankly selfish man.

"That ought to be easily arranged," replied Miss Cayenne. "All you have to do is to get a situation as a butler."

* * *

Between Lawyers.

"I won't defend a man whom I believe to be guilty."

"My boy, you mustn't set your judgment up against that of the majority. I have defended plenty of men whom I believed to be guilty, but the jury decided otherwise."

* * *

Infantile Troubles.

Madge—My doctor tells me that blushing is a disease.

Marjorie—Never mind, dear; we girls soon outgrow it.

Privilege of the 400.

Miss Parvenu—I was almost sorry, ma, that you spoke so rudely to that poor little Mrs. Willis.

Mamma—Well, my dear, pray where is the satisfaction of being in the best society if you cannot snub those who are out of it?

* * *

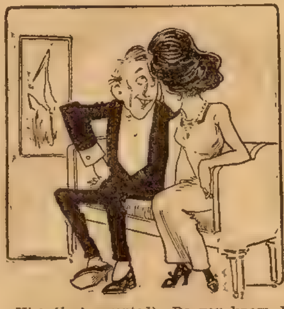
Of Course Not.

"How can you let you Italian teacher kiss you, Amalie?"

"Well, mamma, you can't expect me to know enough Italian after only six lessons to forbid him!"

* * *

Double Trouble.



Him (just accepted)—Do you know, I was awfully nervous until I proposed to you?

Her—Well, so was I, for fear you wouldn't propose.

TACKLES
ELLSWOOTH YOUNG

Good in Both Lines.

Hibbs—Why did you select the grocer to play the bass drum in your band?

Dibbs—Because he's an honest fellow and gives full weight to every pound.

Complicated Politics.

"I thought you had things fixed?"

"Well, the other side corrupted the judges and got a fair count."

The Victim.

Knicker—So he contracted the quick lunch habit at home?

Bocker—Yes; trying to finish before the cook left.

Serving Time.

"No man can serve two masters."

"I know that. My brother tried it, and now he's doing time for bigamy."

All Gay.

First Tramp—The doctor 'as ordered me a bath.

Second Tramp—You do look pleased about it.

First Tramp—'E's ordered me a mud bath.

Too Ancient.

The Caller—Sir, I want you to know that I have discovered perpetual motion!

The Editor(unmoved)—Say, my friend, why don't you devote your energies to something new?

Meddling With the Market.

"Was your husband a bear in Wall street?"

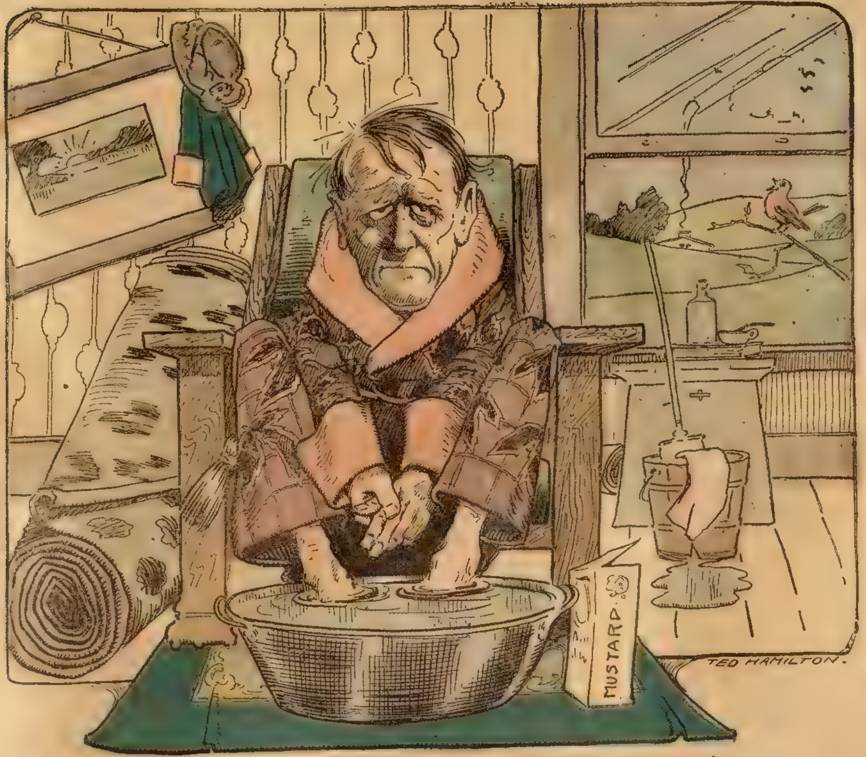
"I think so," replied young Mrs. Torkins. "He certainly acted like one when he got home."

A New Idea.

Willie—Where did yer git th' wheels for yer skates?

Jimmie—Made 'em out o' me sister's cooking school doughnuts.

TOO MUCH TO EXPECT.

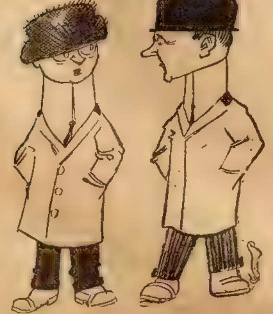


How can I warble in measures light hearted;
How can I chant of spring's opening buds
When the carpets are up and the cook has departed,
And all things are steeped in the odor of suds?

How can I sing of the freshening breezes?
Or prattle of green on the hedge rose's clumps,
When the air is pervaded with coughs and with sneezes,
And two of the children are down with the mumps?

How can I joy in the beauty that's vernal?
How can I dream of green meadows outspread?
When I've got to go 'round with this wretched, infernal,
Extempore, blankety cold in my head?

Who Wants It?



Bragg—I'll stake my reputation on it.

Stagg—Who wants to collect your reputation when he wins it?

A Partnership.

"My father and I know everything in the world," said a small boy to his companion.

"All right," said the latter. "Where's Asia?"

It was stiff question, but the little fellow answered coolly. "That is one of the questions my father knows."

He's Surely One.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my boy."

"What is an ultimate consumer?"

"Why, you are, my son. You're always the last one to leave the table."

Severe Critics.

Alice—I like Tom immensely and he's very much the gentleman, but he does like to talk about himself

Grace—Yes, dear, your knight hath a thousand I's.

Practical Maiden.

He—Darling, be mine and your smallest wishes shall ever be fulfilled.

She (coldly)—I am able to do that myself. What I want is a man who will gratify my biggest wishes.—Judge.

Strictly Professional.

The Collector—You are Lawyer Miggs?

The Lawyer—Yes.

The Collector—I want to know when you will pay this bill?

The Lawyer—Never! Two dollars for the advice, please.

Rebellion.

"You dare to criticise my gowns!" exclaimed Mrs. Flimgilt

"Well," replied her husband resolutely, "after hearing you refer to your pet bulldog as a perfect beauty, I'm inclined to rely on my own judgment."

No Congratulations.

The Actor—I say, you know, I'm getting awfully popular. I see some tobacco people have named a new cigar after me.

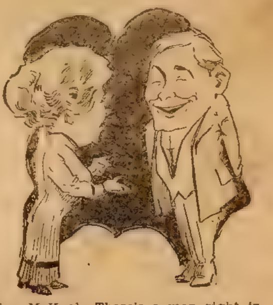
The Manager—Really? Well, I hope it'll draw better than you do.

The Awakening.

She—I thought when I married you that you had sufficient income to support me.

He—So did I. I had no idea how awfully expensive you would be.

Early Yet.



Mrs. McKool—There's a man right in this town who hasn't spoken to his wife for ten years.

Mr. McKool—Well, give him time; he may be able to get a word in before he dies.

Florist and Jeweler Won't.

Jack's Sister—Jack proposed to Miss Highly last night. He says when she accepted him he walked on air.

His Aunt—Yes; and before the engagement is over he'll be living on it, mark my word.

After Hours.

Judge—You are sentenced to twenty years at hard labor. Have you anything to say?

Prisoner—Say, judge, can't you fix it up so I can get paid for overtime in case I want to stay longer?

Strict Golf.

"You mustn't touch the ball. Use a stick."

"How am I going to get it out of a mud hole with a stick? Caddy, go over to the clubhouse and borrow a pair of tongs."

Mighty Structures.

"I never could understand why those great pyramids were built in Egypt."

"It never occurred to me to figure that far back. I can't even understand why some of those Western millionaires build palaces in New York."

A Veteran.

Tommy—Won't ye git sick?

Willie—Naw! I've smoked fer years. Me fodder smoked fish, me grandfodder smoked hams, and I smoke everything I git me hands on.

Just the Thing.

"Can you give any constituent here a job on your railroad?" asked the State Senator.

"But he can't talk English."

"Well, give him a job calling trains."

Too Many Nerves.

Dentist (after examination)—And you will have gas, madam?

Nervous Patient—You don't suppose I'm going to let you tinker with my teeth in the dark, do you?

The Last Hole.

Figg—That was a mighty appropriate text the parson took for poor Brassie's funeral sermon.

Fogg—What was it?

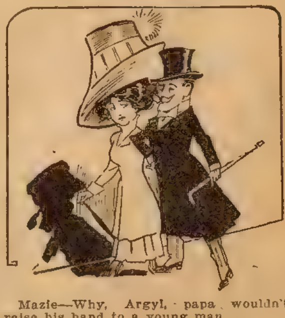
Figg—'He has finished his course.'

Should Have Started Sooner.

Farmer—The cow won't hurt you. She's only a little playful.

Maid—I've never played with a cow in my life, and I'm not going to start now.

The Question.



Mazie—Why, Argyl, papa wouldn't raise his hand to a young man.

Argyl—Does he feel the same about his feet?

A Detective's Ruse;

Or, The Desperado of Lost Cove

By M. H. Frederick

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CHAPTER V.

IN THE COVE.

LATE in the evening of the day upon which Isaac Howard and his two rough-looking comrades left the immediate vicinity of the home of Reverend Allen Morgan and started for Lost Cove, Robert Hays stood on a grassy knoll not far from the Cove. The young man was looking towards the sunset, which was a splendid one even for a southern mountain sunset.

Red and purple clouds stood above the western horizon, bordered with tints of silver and gold. Along the top of a ridge which lay only a short distance west of where Robert stood, the dark green tops of the trees stood out against a background of bright sky in great luxuriance. Along the crest of this ridge, ~~a few~~ giant oaks which had been killed either by forest fires or by thunderbolts held their naked boughs aloft like skeleton arms. As the solitary watcher stood motionless in silent admiration, the fire gradually died out of the western sky, the wealth of happily blended colors slowly faded to a mellow glow against which the now somber forest was plainly silhouetted. Deep gloom slowly settled over the landscape. The golden disk of a full moon became visible through the trees to the east; the stars twinkled faintly overhead. The moon shed its ghostly light over the scene. The silence which had been unbroken so far was pierced by the weird hoot of an owl, which was soon followed by the low trill of a toad. The plaintive cry of a whip-poor-will rang through the forest.

Robert Hays watched the [illegible] scene around him until the moon displayed its great glowing disk above the treetops. Then he turned and walked away in the direction of the Cove. He picked his way carefully through the trees and up the gradual slope.

Although the day which had just passed has been very warm indeed, the night was cool and pleasant. The woodland was still very quiet. Save for the calls of a few night birds, the silence was almost unbroken. Once as Robert Hays advanced upon his way, a weird and lonely cry reached his ears and his hand went involuntarily to his hip pocket. He realized that the sound which startled him was merely the bark of a prowling fox, and he replaced the weapon which he had started to draw.

He used considerable skill in woodcraft and moved onward like a specter. By and by he almost stumbled against a large boulder which he knew marked the edge of Lost Cove. Here he uttered a low signal which was answered almost instantly. A man advanced from the shadows and the two held a whispered conference.

Robert Hays was soon moving on towards the heart of the Cove.

The other moved back into the shadows: but by and by almost half a dozen dusky forms moved out from where he had kept his station and followed in the direction which Hays had taken

Although the reputed desperado had moved with extreme caution up to the time when he held the conference with the man at the edge of the Cove, he now seemed to have thrown all caution to the wind. The air of mystery which had surrounded him was gone, and in its stead was an air of reckless unconcern. He advanced through the Cove quite rapidly with now and then a snatch of song upon his lips. Rumor had not pictured him to be more reckless than his conduct now tended to prove. He had proceeded only a short distance when his quick eye caught the outlines of the figure of a man standing a short distance in front of him. The man's alert senses informed him that somebody was approaching at about the same time when Hays discovered his presence. The heavy repeating rifle of the lonely sentry came to a level and he exclaimed:

"Halt thar."

The significant click of the gun reached the quick ears of Robert Hays. He came to a standstill at once.

"Is that you, Bill?" he asked.

"Yes: is that Bob Hays? May the Devil take me if you didn't give me a scare. I wuz about to take you for an officer," came the rough [illegible]

"I wouldn't have come upon you so suddenly, but I supposed you could hear me singing."

"Well, maybe I did hear you, but I didn't reco'nize you for certain I reckon a feller needn't be afeard to keep company wi' you unless he's a law-abidin' feller."

"You'll have to judge for yourself and take the consequences."

"You're a wild blade, an' one wild chap needn't be afeard of another givin' him away, I reckon."

"Say, Bill, can a feller get some good moonshine in this Cove?

"I want a quart right at once."

"Then you can come back here farther into the Cove wi' me; but, look 'e here: if you ever git pinched by the officers you must not tell on us; I reckon you've done somethin' that 'ud put ye behind the iron bars, or ye wouldn't be foolin' round the Cove the way ye are, an' if ye happen to git behind the bars you must keep a still tongue about what's goin' on in this bresh."

"I'll never be arrested, you can rest easy about that; but I don't make any sort o' promises to anybody. But I'd like to have some moonshine if I can git it."

"Come on an' we'll see about it."

Robert Hays followed the other farther into the depths of the heavily wooded Cove. The moonlight penetrated the canopy of foliage only in a few places and fell upon the ground in patches like spilled milk. Most of the Cove was enveloped in almost inky blackness.

Anybody who was not well acquainted with the ground in Lost Cove would have found great difficulty in following a definite course through the dense gloom. Huge boulders lay here and there; giant trees of more than a century's growth stood close together, their trunks being scarcely discernible in the deep shadows. But Robert Hays and his companion advanced with ease and celerity.

"I don't reckon there's much danger of a raid tonight," Robert's companion observed, speaking as much to himself as to the other, "anyway I'll come back an' stan' gyard after you get your moonshine."

To this the desperado made no reply.

The two men soon arrived at a point in the very heart of the Cove where a great boulder blocked their way. Turning to the left they followed the great natural wall of stone which had interrupted their advance. After making a few zig-zag turnings, they passed the boulder and entered a deep ravine, which was shut in by an almost impenetrable thicket.

"Halt thar!" came a quick command which was followed instantly by the suggestive click of a rifle.

"Don't shoot, Buck,' quickly uttered Robert's companion, "it's nobody but Bill and Bob Hays."

"I wuz not expectin' a revenuer or a gover'ment detective to poke his nose into this holler," said the man who had uttered the challenge. "But I'm glad to know for certain that it's you two wild fellers.'

"Come ahead, Bob," said the man called Bill as the desperado halted.

"There's no use o' me goin' any farther, I reckon," Robert Hays remarked in a drawling voice which was not at all like the crisp and musical tones which had won Sallie Morgan's admiration.

"Come on," Bill bellowed back at him, "we're not afraid o' sich fellers as you givin' us away; we're birds of a feather."

"You can fetch my bottle o' moonshine here an' I'll wait till you come."

"I could fetch it, but I don't aim to do it. Come on."

Robert Hays followed in seeming reluctance at the heels of the other around a short bend in the ravine. A remarkable scene met their gaze. A large "moonshine" distillery was sheltered by a large shelving rock on one side of the ravine and a half dozen men were engaged in making a "run" of the fiery liqour. Several barrels stood under the shelter of the projecting rock.

The men greeted the two new arrivals with various speeches which would not look very beautiful in print

The fellow who was called Bill took a bottle from a niche in the rock shook it vigorously.

"Here's your quart, Bob," he said.

"Watch it bead," he added, shaking the whisky again and holding it toward the light of a lantern which hung near, "moonshine or no moonshine, you never tasted better corn juice than that."

Hays gave a grunt which evidently was intended to express satisfaction and placed a dollar in the other's hand

"Take a pull wi' me, Bill," he said "You're welcome."

"No, I don't care to drink any now," Bill [illegible] "Not that I object to takin' a friendly dram wi' you."

"You'll be welcome here in the Cove, I know," Bill continued, "an' 'specially when you've got your quart. I've got to go back an' stan' gyard now."

As Robert Hays stood in the uncertain light with the bottle of liquor in his hand he would have been a surprising [illegible] eyes of gentle Sallie Morgan. He had a reckless air and to the casual observer he would have filled the role of the desperado and the sot to perfection; but, to one long accustomed to observing human nature very closely in its various phases and in the midst of various circumstances there was something in the makeup of the [illegible] told a diferent story. If he was a dissipated and [illegible], his brilliant eye and [illegible] countenance, discernible despite the imperfect light, his athletic build, his firmness and suppleness of motion, and his manner of speech, despite clever acting, belied it. There was about him the something, which it is difficult to describe, which marks the gentleman, and which will not be wholly concealed behind a mask of clever acting. At any rate the acute and judicious eye would have been able to discern the fact that he was not a common ruffian. But the ignorant and careless outlaws of Lost Cove, their suspicions once disarmed, even though the may have felt an instinctive distrust of the man, scarcely doubted that he was different from what his acts among them and his fearful reputation proclaimed him to be

One of the members of Wash Smith's Gang—for that notorious band and the men in the ravine were identical—took a number of peculiar implements from a recess in the rock and called to one of his comrades.

"Andy, s'pose me an' you tries our hands at makin' a few bogus dollars while the rest o' the fellers finish the run o' moonshine; they can 'tend to it 'thout us."

"Well," was the reply, and the two soon busied themselves with the implements which were molds for making spurious coin.

While the moonshiners and counterfeiters were busy at their lawless work, Robert Hays walked a little distance along the ravine. He sat down beside a tiny stream of water which issued from the rocks and flowed along the bottom of the ravine

After a considerable period of time had elapsed, he returned to where Wash Smith's Gang were busily employed. To the outlaws Hays was clearly under the influence of the quart of the product of their still which had recently come into his possession. They paid little attention to him other than to charge him to be less noisy when he talked in a loud voice. By and by, he staggered, or rather made a clever pretense of staggering, along the ravine to the point where he had left his bottle.

After another short period of time

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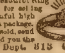

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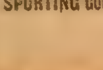

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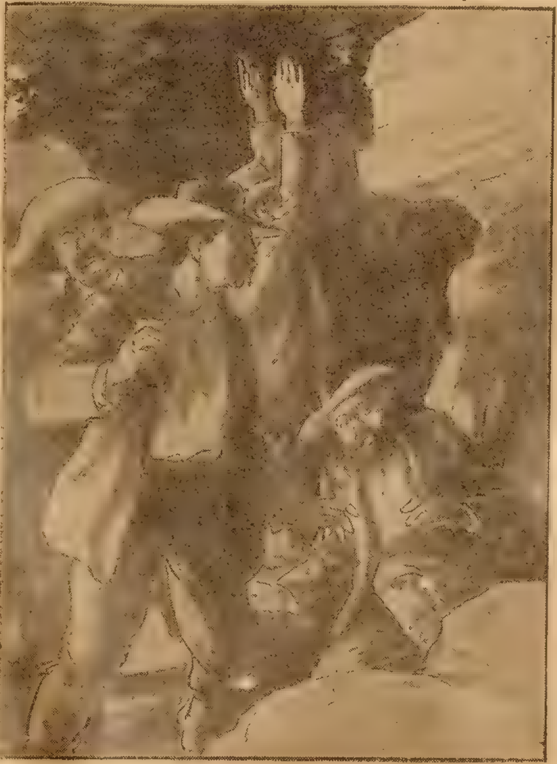
had gone by, a new arrival appeared upon the scene in the person of the man known as Wash Smith, the leader of the band of outlaws.

"Where is Bob Hays?" he asked almost immediately, "has he been here tonight?"

One of the men quickly walked along the ravine. He soon returned and said:

"Bob Hays is tryin' some of our good moonshine; he's lyin' dead drunk out thar; he's emptied a full quart."

The man did not know that the quart of whisky which Robert Hays was supposed to have drunk had been emptied into the rill which ran through the ravine and that not a drop of it had passed down the throat of the reputed desperado. And the drunken stupor in which the outlaws believed him to be was only a bit of clever acting.



A sharp command rang out.

"Are you sure the scamp's helplessly drunk?" asked the leader of the gang.

"If you don't want to b'lieve me, then you'll have to go an' see for yourself," said the other, "if the feller moves inside o' three hours wi' that quart o' 'mountain dew' in 'im, you may call me a fool for the balance o' my days."

"Boys," said the man known as Wash Smith. speaking in a voice sufficiently loud to reach the ears of Robert Hays, "I don't like the way this desperado keeps foolin' round the Cove. I wish we could fix up a case against him that would land him behind the iron bars for a long time! he may give us away."

"The man's done some crime," remarked one of the men. "if he has not, what's he spendin' so much time out in the bresh for?"

"But if he's done any crime we don't know what it is."

"I've heard him say he wouldn't be arrested, an' he's got the name o' bein' sich a wild blade, it wouldn't be a hard matter to make a case ag'in him, I reckon."

"I would be easy enough to capture him while he's dead drunk," said the leader of the gang of ruffians. "I've got a plan, boys, that I think will work."

"Detective Ike Howard," continued the man with a chuckle, "is expected to make a raid on the counterfeiters in the Cove. Now, why can't he do it tonight an' catch the drunken scamp in possession of the money molds? The rest of you can clear out when the raid is made an' the detective can have Bob Hays convicted as a counterfeiter. That would get him out of our way."

"Your plan would work to a gnat's eye, providin' Hays does not know too much about Detective Howard," observed one of the men.

"I'll bet you he knows nothing that would give Ike Howard any trouble an', much as he has prowled through the Cove, I don't believe he ever caught more than a glimpse of Wash Smith. so, of course, he does not know how Wash Smith looks."

"But Bob Hays mayn't have thought o' givin' us away, an' he mayn't deserve to be treated as you're plannin' to treat 'im," protested one of the men who had been listening to the others in silence.

"He never seemed to care a —— for anybody, not even for himself," remarked another grimly, "an' we've been nothin' but a pack o' —— fools to let him into our den an' our secrets as we've done, an' I'm in favor o' gittin' rid o' him as soon as possible; I've been suspicious o' him for a long time."

"We can make him a scapegoat for our devilment," said the leader of the ruffians. "After he's caught and convicted as a counterfeiter, people will think he's the one who has been flooding the country with bogus money an' they'll not give us so much trouble for a while."

"That seems to me to be good sense," said one of the others, "so let's put it into practice at once."

"We can have Howard capture the old

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BOYS and GIRLS EARN ELEGANT WATCH AND CHAIN IN ONE DAY'S WORK

SEND NO MONEY—Simply send your name and address, and we send you, charges paid by us, 12 Beautiful Pictures, 16 inches wide, 20 inches long, no 2 alike, (stores charge $1.00 each for them). With them we send 12 boxes of our famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE (in handsome tin boxes), greatest remedy known for Cuts, Sores, Piles, Eczema, Catarrh, Colds, etc.

MEN and WOMEN EARN $3.00 DAILY

You sell the Cloverine at 25c per box and give one picture free. When sold return money and we send beautiful watch and chain, or you can keep cash commission. Be first in your town. Every one buys two to three boxes after you show pictures. A doctor discovered Cloverine. Millions use it. Agents earn $3.00 a day sure. Write quick. We send Cloverine and pictures at once. Address

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WRITE TO THIS WOMAN

If You Want to Stop a Man From Drink.

She cured her husband, her brother and several of her neighbors, and now she generously offers to tell you of the simple, inexpensive remedy that she so successfully used. The remedy can be given to the patient unnoticed so there is no publicity of your private affairs. She is anxious to help others so we earnestly advise every one of our readers who has a dear one who drinks to drop her a line today. She makes no charge for this help, she has nothing to sell (she asks for no money and accepts none) so there is no reason why you should not write her at once. Of course, she expects that you are yourself personally interested in curing one who drinks, and are not writing out of mere curiosity. Send your letter in confidence to her home. Simply write your name and full address plainly in the coupon below and send it to her.

MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON,
816 Home Avenue, Hillburn, N. Y.

Please tell me about the remedy you used to cure your husband, as I am personally interested in one who drinks.

Name ....

Address ....

RIEGER'S
Pure Monogram
WHISKEY

RIEGER'S
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EXTRA FINE
Whiskey
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Express Prepaid

4 Full Quarts
Rieger's Monogram Extra Fine $3.00

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FREE two sample bottles, gilted glass and corkscrew with every order.

Over 100,000 customers appreciate our whiskey and acknowledge that it is far the best ever distilled. For smoothness and mellowness of flavor it cannot be equaled. Money refunded if whiskey is not perfectly satisfactory. Order today.

J. RIEGER & CO.
1656 Genesee Street,
Kansas City, Mo.

EPILEPSY
Fits or
Falling Sickness

November 18, 1909.

DR. FRED E. GRANT,
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sir:—I began giving your medicine for Epilepsy to my son, on January 2, 1901, and I am glad to tell you that he has never had the slightest symptom of the disease from that day. He is a bright, intelligent young man now, and I shall hold you in grateful remembrance as long as I live for saving the life of my son.

SAMUEL J. MYERS.
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I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness to send for one of my large sized 16-oz. bottles FREE. Please give age and express office.

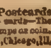
DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 244, Kansas City, Mo.

FITS

I have cured patients who had Epilepsy, Fits, Spasms, or Falling Sickness since childhood. Stacks of testimonials on file. Write for Free Trial Treatment and testimonials from cured patients. I pay the express. Give age and full particulars. Dr. Root 1123 Downing Bldg. New York

Ladies & Gents Watches FREE

We give all grades of Watches for selling our fine Art Post Cards at 10c per pkg. Order 20 pkgs. today. When sold, send us the $2.00 and we will send you an elegant 5 YEAR GUARANTEED WATCH, also a FINE SIGNET RING and a CHAIN, postpaid, as per our premium list. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. Write us today.



BELMONT MFG. CO., Dept. 56, CHICAGO

64 CARDS FOR 10c 16 Best View Postcards and 48 other good cards—The whole lot for only 10c postpaid. Send stamps or coin. WILLIAMS & CO., 3278 Archer Ave., Dept. 64, Chicago, Ill.

set of counterfeiting molds in Hays' possession," said Wash Smith, chuckling again with evident satisfaction, "you all know they're worthless."

He searched along a shelf of the rock and soon found the molds in question. Two of the men were still making counterfeit coin in some other molds.

"Here, boys," exclaimed Wash Smith, "pour some of the hot metal in these molds—they look a little rusty, an' we want 'em to show by their looks that they've been used recently, so that our case against Hays will hang together."

The men complied readily.

The leader of the plotters asked one of the others to see if Hays was still oblivious to what was going on around him. The fellow walked quickly to the spot where the young desperado was supposed to be lying in a state of complete intoxication. He returned in a twinkling and made a surprising announcement.

"Bob Hays is not thar at all," he said.

If this discovery startled the outlaws, what immediately followed filled them with consternation.

A sharp command rang out from the shadows near by.

"Put up your hands, every man of you! We've got you covered! Your game is up! You must yield to the officers of the law or die."

The hands of some of the counterfeiters and moonshiners started to their hips; but the stern cutting tones in which the order was given and the click, click, click of half a dozen weapons impressed them so forcibly that they obeyed. Half a dozen men closed in upon them and clasped handcuffs upon their wrists, and Wash Smith's gang were in the hands of the law at last.

CHAPTER VI.

Conflicting emotions stirred the breast of Sallie Morgan as she and her father saw a band of men approaching from the direction of Lost Cove, on the morning following the night when the events recorded in the preceding chapter occurred.

Sallie continued to wonder if any of the manacled prisoners could be her lover, Robert Hays. Had Detective Isaac Howard actually captured the outlaws of Lost Cove?

The body of men drew nearer and she could not recognize any of the prisoners as Robert Hays. Then she recognized one of the sullen prisoners and she recognized the leader of the officers who held the captive outlaws in custody. She was gladdened at the sight; but she could not understand. She could hardly believe that her eyes had not deceived her. Isaac Howard was a prisoner; the leader of the men who held him and the others in custody was none other than Robert Hays.

As the party arrived opposite the Morgan home, Hays left the others and approached the spot where Sallie and her father stood. After the usual greeting he said:

"No doubt you are both surprised at this proceeding; but I can explain all to you very soon. Wash Smith's gang—or rather Isaac Howard's gang, for Howard, alias Wash Smith, was the leader of the counterfeiters and moonshiners—has been broken up at last."

Sallie was surprised, to say the least, but her father was dumfounded. For a moment he stared at the alleged desperado as if he doubted whether he was awake or dreaming. Then he asked:

"Didn't you have any connection with the gang?"

A bright smile flitted across the young man's handsome face.

"I don't wonder at your question," he answered. "I am a detective; I have succeeded in bringing about the apprehension of the ruffians, I have had nothing more to do with them.

"I don't wonder at your astonishment," Hays continued, "for I have gained a reputation which is not a very enviable one, to put it mildly. I played the desperado in order to accomplish the discomfiture of the criminals. Wherein I might have failed to establish a terrible reputation for myself if left to my own devices, the gossips of the neighborhood have magnified my actions and aided me."

A light was beginning to break in upon Sallie which was very gratifying after all the darkness and mystery which had troubled her.

"How did it help you in your plans to capture the outlaws to be known as a desperado?" asked Mr. Morgan.

"As a reckless character I was able to mingle with the counterfeiters and learn what I never could have learned in any other way."

"And you managed to get the advantage of the ruffians in a way which they never dreamed of, I see."

"Yes; my course may not have been a very fair one, but this was a case of the end justifying the means. I suppose it required a counterfeit desperado to catch a counterfeit detective."

"Everybody except you failed to break up the band."

"I trust I did nothing dishonorable, even if I was dealing with criminals; I simply mingled with some of the counterfeiters as a wild fellow, and, naturally, they sought my companionship. I did not seek to win their confidence and, consequently, I did not betray any confidence."

"Yes; that is good sense."

"Whenever I allowed my thoughts to bear upon the part I was playing I was not pleased with it; for I never had the least bit of admiration for what is false and deceptive. I am glad that my ruse is over and that I must be known no longer as 'the desperado of Lost Cove.'"

"Have you been a detective long?"

"Not very long; I suppose that is why I could not help having slight conscientious scruples in this matter."

"Isn't Mr. Howard a detective? He told me yesterday that he was going to the Cove to arrest you and some others. Isn't there a possibility that you have made a mistake in his case?"

"My opinion is that Howard has played the part of a detective as a blind for lawless deeds, only making a pretense of catching the outlaws when he was their leader. There can be no doubt of his villainy."

"Then why did he make a pretense of intending to arrest you?"

"I believe he wanted to get rid of my presence in the Cove and meant to arrest me and secure my conviction on a false charge. Had I not outwitted him and his comrades, last night, they might have succeeded in carrying out a very clever scheme to get me in their power and make a case against me as a counterfeiter.

"Howard suspected me of purposely spying upon him and his criminal band, but he did not guess my real mission. Several times I walked boldly into the midst of the band when they were engaged in their lawless work, and I made several plans to capture them. But Howard, alias Wash Smith, always happened to elude me when I planned my raids.

"Last night, I managed to get men, five fearless fellows whom I knew I could depend upon, secretly into the Cove. Leaving my men a short distance from where the criminals were, I went among the counterfeiters and obtained some moonshine whisky and by pretending to be drunk completely outwitted them. Isaac Howard did not appear among his band until some time had passed, and then he was told that I was drunk—I believe he purposely avoided me last night as he has often done before, fearing that I would discover that Isaac Howard and Wash Smith were one and the same. But I had discovered that fact some time ago. Believing that I was dead drunk, the ruffians planned to make me a prisoner and secure my conviction as a counterfeiter.

"But I outwitted Howard and he did not get to play the detective with me. I slipped away while they were plotting. I returned with my men, one of whom was a marshal who was trying to catch the moonshiners of Lost Cove and who gladly joined in with me when he learned that the moonshiners and counterfeiters were the same gang. We captured the man they had on guard without making any noise and took the band by surprise.

"So, you see, Howard and I changed places in his plan; he became my prisoner instead of me becoming his. I am thankful that my ruse has worked so completely and that I need no longer be called a desperado."

"You have done the public a great service," said Rev. Allen Morgan when the young detective paused, "Howard fooled everybody completely."

"He tried to deny that he had anything to do with the lawless work in the Cove, but the others of the gang declared that he had received more than his just share of the profits as their leader and he must receive his share of the punishment."

"It is nothing but justice."

"Howard is more deserving of blame than the others."

"Secrets will leak out, Mr. Morgan, so I told my plan to nobody except your brother, Hiram Morgan, of B——."

As Robert Hays spoke Sallie thought of the visit she had paid her uncle in B—— and of the young man whom she had met at the door of her uncle's store. That young man and Robert Hays were identical. This explained why Sallie had thought she had seen the young man before the time when he saved her life as previously recorded.

"Well, I must overtake my men and see that the prisoners are lodged safely in prison," said Robert Hays, and he took his leave of Sallie and her father, promising to pay them a visit soon.

Nobody was more highly pleased than Hiram Morgan to learn that the counterfeiters of Lost Cove were captured at last. The news that Isaac Howard had been the leader of the band created a sensation, and Robert Hays was applauded as a hero.

One day Robert Hays found Sallie in the rustic seat beneath the great sycamore where he had told her of his love. The glad light which came into her pretty blue eyes at sight of him was welcome enough for him. With the glow of summer around them and a cloudless sky overhead, they plighted their troth.

"I came to Bad Creek," said the lover, "bent upon winning the reward offered for the capture of the criminals of Lost Cove and trying to perform my duty. I have gained the reward, but it is nothing compared with what I have also gained and which is most priceless."

"And what is that?" Sallie asked.

"The love of a sweet, trustful woman," he replied, and he kissed her red lips and blushing cheeks.

The end.

How to Get Fat Free

Home Treatment Which Works Wonders in Making Scrawny, Undeveloped Men and Women Plump and Attractive.

50c. Box Free to Any Reader.

Thin persons, particularly those from ten to thirty pounds under weight, will be interested to learn of a marvelous discovery which puts on flesh at the rate of a pound a day in many instances, rounds out the figure and makes thin folks fat up even if they have been scrawny for years.

Don't shut your eyes and say "Impossible!" Put this new treatment to the test. The test is free (see coupon) and surely the test will tell. It is no sign that you must remain skinny and under weight the rest of your life even if you have vainly tried every "fattener" you ever heard of.

These pictures show plainer than words what a wonderful improvement may be realized by a gain of even 10 or 12 pounds.

This new discovery calls for no diet "stunts," no detention from business. You go about as usual, eat what you like. It is harmless to the most delicate system and contains no oils, emulsions, nor alcohol. Just a concentrated tablet which can be taken privately. Your nearest friends need not know what you are doing until you astonish them with a visible and pleasing increase in weight.

Excessive thinness is very mortifying. Thin men never look like "real money." They are pushed aside in the race for success. Bony women are seldom very popular. Dress will not hide skin and bones. All men admire fine figures. Take Sargol and get out of the featherweight class.

Mail the Coupon today. Send your name and full address to The Sargol Co., 100-C Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. They will send at once the 50-cent package of Sargol and will write and show you why you have remained thin, and how Sargol puts on firm flesh in a natural way. There is no longer any necessity for you to remain skinny and ill developed.

FREE COUPON.

This certificate entitles the holder to one fifty-cent package of Sargol, the home treatment which makes thin folks plump and attractive.

Please inclose 10 cents to help pay distribution expenses.

The Sargol Co., 100-C Herald Bldg.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

3 GALLONS WHISKEY $3.75

WE
SHIP
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STRAIGHT WHISKEY

To show new customers what we can send in exchange for their hard earned dollars, we are willing to lose $10,000.00 by cutting the price on our Pure Straight Whiskey and name the following unheard of figures:

3 full gallons..........$3.75
4 full gallons.......... 4.95
12 full quarts.......... 4.50

This is regular old-time whiskey and distilled in the South, by honest North Carolina people. We give you over-flowing measure and when the whiskey is received and tested, if you don't agree it's worth 2.50 per gallon, keep 2 quarts Free, return balance and *we will send back your money because it belongs to you.* Return this ad. and mail your order direct to Jno. L. Casper, President or address your letter to our firm named below. *(Act today. Don't delay.)*

ATLANTIC COAST DIST. CO.
JACKSONVILLE FLA

MOTHERS

If your children or other members of your family are unable to control their water during the night or day, our HARMLESS REMEDY will cure them. To prove its merits we will send A 50c PKGE. FREE TO ANY ADDRESS

C. H. ROWAN DRUG CO., Room 95 53 River St., CHICAGO, ILL.

WOMEN find the right kind of Toilet Necessities, Drugs, Syringes, etc., in our catalog. Send 2c stamp for postage. F. G. Ferguson Co., 429 J, Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Some Trees.

We are all familiar with Brazil, or cream nuts as we see them in the stores. These nuts in their own country are of a different appearance, and the trees on which they grow are so unusual that the Brazil-nut tree is regarded as one of the queerest in the world. It grows to the height of from fifty to eighty feet, and is one of the most majestic ornaments of the forest. The fruit resembles a cocoanut. It is extremely hard and of the size of a child's head. Each one of the shells contains from twelve to twenty of the three-cornered nuts. To obtain the nuts as they appear in market these shells have to be opened. In the season of their falling it is dangerous to enter the groves, as the force of their descent is sufficient to knock down the strongest man. The natives provide themselves with wooden bucklers, which they hold over their heads while they collect the fruit.

The cannon-ball tree is a native of New Guinea. It grows to the height of sixty feet and its flowers are remakable for their beauty and fragrance. The blossoms are of the richest crimson and appear in large bunches. The fruit resembles enormous cannon-balls, whence the name. Some persons say, however, that the name comes from the noise the fruit makes in descending. Domestic utensils are made from the shell. The contents consist of several kinds of acid besides sugar and gum and furnish an excellent drink for sickness. Singular as this may appear, the pulp when in a ripe state is inedible and has an unpleasant odor.

At Goa, near Bombay, there is a queer plant, the sorrowful tree, so called because it flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen; yet half an hour after it is full of them. They yield a sweet smell at night, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them than some of them fall off and others close up. Yet it continues flowering every night in the year.

On one side of Mount Etna grows a famous chestnut tree, which is said to be 196 feet in circumference just above the surface of the ground. Its trunk is separated into five divisions, which give it the appearance of several trees growing together. In the circular space inclosed by these large branches a hut has been erected for those who collect the chestnuts.

Two travelers are said to have seen on the mountain near Cape Horn a tree that was only one or two inches high, and yet had branches spreading out four or five feet along the ground. Dwarf trees are cultivated by the Japanese.

There is a tree in Bombay called the sack tree, because from it may be stripped natural sacks, which resemble felt in appearance.

On the banks of the Niger in Africa are trees called Shea, from which excellent butter is obtained. The trees are like our oaks and the fruit resembles the Spanish olive. The kernel of the fruit is dried in the sun and then boiled and the butter thus obtained is whiter, firmer and of a richer flavor than that obtained from a cow besides keeping sweet a year without salt.

* * *

Friend and Protector.

In spite of his well-known poor marksmanship, a certain Englishman was invited to the country for a day's shooting. The attendant, in great disgust, witnessed miss after miss.

"Dear me," at last exclaimed the sportsman, "but the birds seem exceptionally strong on the wing this year."

"Not all of 'em, sir," came the remark. "You've shot at the same bird this last dozen times. 'E's follering you about, sir."

"Following me about! Nonsense! Why should a bird do that?"

"I dunno, sir, I'm sure," replied the man, "unless he's 'anging around for safety!"

* * *

GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAF.

A celebrated New York Aurist has been selected to demonstrate to deaf people that deafness is a disease and can be cured rapidly and easily in your own home. He proposes to prove this fact by sending to any person having trouble with their ears a trial treatment of this new method absolutely free. We advise all people who have trouble with their ears to immediately address Dr. Edward Gardner, suite 313, No. 40 West Thirty-third street, New York City, and we wish to assure them that they will receive by return mail, absolutely free, a "Trial Treatment."

* * *

Preparing for the Future.

Friend (of dying magnate)—Then you think the end is near?

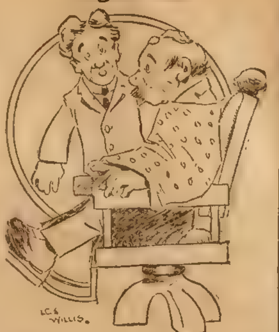
Doctor—Yes, he has made out a list of the epigrams, good deeds and stories that he wishes to be attributed to him.

* * *

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. HOOD CO., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, MASS. (2)

Right Man.



The Barber—You need a hair cut bad, sir.

Lathered Patron—You're the man to cut it, then. That's the way you cut it last time.

*

The Wages of Sin.

The wages of sin is death, as you have heard in Sunday School, and the Brahma rooster that Mr. Tomlin owned discovered that, though he had never been in a Sunday School. He was killed and the Tomlins ate him. He would probably have been killed at some time, but he would have lived longer if he had not been such a greedy thief. He was too eager in his eating. When Mr. Tomlin met his neighbor, Mr. Schwab, he did not notice that the rooster was nearby. Mr. Tomlin stopped Mr. Schwab to show off the two diamonds that were to be taken to town and set in earrings for Mrs Tomlin, and Mr. Schwab was looking with all his eyes when one of the stones fell out of Mr. Tomlin's hands. The rooster was alert. He was also hungry, as all chickens are at all times, and he made a jump for the glittering diamond and swallowed it in half a second. You may be sure that Mr. Tomlin did not let the rooster get away from him. That rooster's death warrant was already written out and served, and the next day, after Mrs. Tomlin had picked the diamond out of the bird's anatomy, they had him for dinner.

* * *

A Novel Relish.

Guests at an informal luncheon were at first puzzled by a dainty looking relish brought on with the meat. Not until tasted was the secret revealed, when they discovered that the crisp, brown little tubes, about two inches in length, were of celery. Large, firm stalks were chosen, and after being cut were dipped in egg and cracker crumbs, fried in deep fat or sauteed in butter, and were served with a brown sauce. In the original instance this vegetable was served with fowl. It is also nice with fish, creamed in the chafing dish with oysters, etc.

* * *

SOULS AND HALF-SOLES.

There was a matrimonial shark who opened up a shop
And hung a gilded Cupid out to make the the lovelorn stop;
And then he painted up a sign and hung it on the wall:
"Affinities a specialty—soul mates supplied to all!"
But the soul-mate business dwindled and its founder skipped his rent,
And sold his gilded Cupid, for he needed every cent;
Then came an humble cobbler and without a show of pride,
He hung his cobbler shingle out: "Half Soles Supplied Inside!"

* * *

Getting Sick, Too.

A prominent man in Chicago was called upon to make an after-dinner speech, very unexpectedly, and the subject given him was "Patriotism." The man, though he had never been used to public speaking, rose and began to address the club.

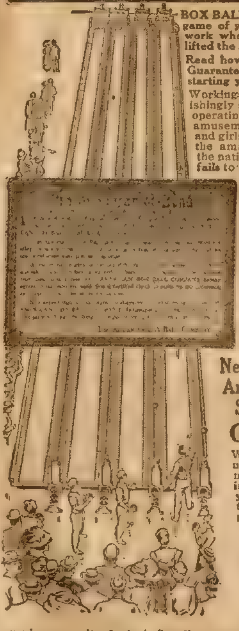
"Friends and members, it does me good and gives me great pleasure to address the club tonight," etc. Then, waxing eloquent, "You know, on one hand we have George Washington, who fought and died for his country, and on the other hand we have Abraham Lincoln, who died for his country." (He was getting nervous) "And—and—friends, I—I feel myself getting sick," and he sat down very abruptly.

* * *

ONE ANSWER.

Sir Folly goes a-dancing by,
Fun and frolic in his eye,
On his lips a careless lay,
"Ho, Sir Folly! Why so gay?"
Says he:
"I know a woman."

Beggar Wisdom shuffles near,
Downcast eye, no word of cheer,
Rags and tatters, meanly clad,
"Brother Wisdom, why so sad?"
Says he:
"I know a woman."



You Can Now Get the Money That the Bosses Have Made Off Your Labor! We'll Start You in Big Money-Making Business—$300 a Month!

Your Profits GUARANTEED!

BOX BALL—the most fascinating, exciting amusement game of years! Multiplies your earning power! No work whatever! Read the facts how Box Ball has lifted the slave yoke from men's necks!

Read how we absolutely protect you by our Profit-Guarantee-Bond! We shoulder entire care of starting you up!

Workingmen of every class have been astonishingly successful in making big money from operating Box Ball alleys—supplying fun, amusement and sport to men, women, boys and girls. They have piled up fortunes! For the amazingly fascinating game has taken the nation by storm! Scarcely anybody ever fails to "make good"—and cash in big!

$300 a month is a very conservative profit-estimate. One Indiana man operating only one alley, made $513 clear profit in 51 days! An $18-a-week clerk started up and made $1,840.20 clear profit first 60 days in business! Four others, $3,200 clear first 9 months! Hundreds of other successes equally astounding. Write to us for the letters written by the successful men themselves, telling the marvels of Box Ball money-making!

Men who are anxious to go into this money-making amusement business need no longer fear they will not succeed big!

Nearly All Box Ball Operators Are Eminently Successful—So Your Profits Are Now GUARANTEED!

We absolutely insure you against failure or loss—so you will make big money! That is what our legally binding Profit-Guarantee-Bond means to you! If you don't make a profit we'll take the alleys back and refund every penny!

Box Ball earnings are practically all profits!

It's a one-man business, although partners have been tremendously successful! One man can run an entire battery of alleys—no pin boys, helpers nor scorers are needed! A slight pull of lever at players' end automatically sets all pins instantly! Balls return to players' end by ingenious gravity device! So all operators do is to pocket the entire receipts themselves.

The play is fast and furious—and at a nickel a game the money rolls into your cash drawer at a terrific rate! And no expenses to wipe it out, as with all other propositions. It's simply clear profit—practically every penny.

And any man or woman who has or can get small capital—$120—can start up in this business on a good, substantial scale! In a jiffy your alleys have paid for themselves—and are paying an amazing profit on the investment!

Florida
My receipts on 2 alleys for December are $462.75. The population in this little town is 1,500. [illegible]
J. C. Sharp.

New York
My three alleys are doing fine; they [illegible] have exceeded my expectations. My average receipts are $90 per week.
F. C. Knapp.

New York
Box Ball Alleys are money makers and all you claim for them. I cleared over $2,000 in one year on two 36-foot [illegible] I paid for them.
E. D. Stannard.

Texas
The business I have done is almost unreasonable, all of which I give the alley credit for. My receipts on the two places since I opened have been something over [illegible]
Have just ordered another alley and business seems to be improving.
W. L. [illegible]

Thinking you may be interested to know how business is going with my new place, I will state it is far better than I expected.
Amounts to about $12 to $18 per day, and the weather here is very warm for this season of the year, which of course affects this kind of amusement.
C. S. [illegible]

Get Into This Great Business Quick and Pocket Large Profits!

Right now is the ideal time of year to start up—so to be fully prepared for the tremendous spring and summer amusement business. Our beautiful 1911 Box Ball Alleys—equipped with real, life-size pins—double the game's fascination to patrons, and hence increase profits tremendously. Get into the business in which you are insured against losing out—get in NOW! Our book of money-making plans and the story complete are yours for the asking.

Also ask us for the Box Ball monopoly for your territory—it's a valuable privilege! Another "live wire" may write for it tomorrow. You write today—this minute—to

THE AMERICAN BOX BALL CO., 54 Van Buren St., INDIANAPOLIS, IND. (34)

GREAT Order FULTON by Mail UNEQUALED
Kentucky's Straight Whiskey
Express Prepaid from Distiller to You

IN A PLAIN BOX. FULTON STRAIGHT WHISKEY. 2 Gallons IN DEMIJOHNS $5 Or 4 Full QUARTS $3

2 Gallons for $5. 3 for $7.50 or 1 for $3, choice of Rye, Bourbon or Corn Fulton Straight whiskey highest medicinal thoroughly matured, in Myers patent 1 gallon demijohns. To prove Fulton is best you need

send no money

We ship on 30 day's credit, if you have your merchant or bank write us guaranteeing account. No C.O.D. Full Quart Bottles of Rye, Bourbon or Corn are expressed prepaid in plain boxes, either 4 for $3, 8 for $6, or 12 for $9.

FREE—4 miniature bottles of Selected Fulton with every 2 gallon order, 8 with 3 gallon orders, accompanied by cash. If not satisfied with whiskey return; and, if paid for, all your money will be refunded by first mail.

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Send this advertisement to us with your name, post office and express office address and we will send to you by express for examination this wonderful Railroad watch. Engine Special, eleven jewel, stamped and guaranteed by the maker. Breguet hairspring, patent regulator, quick train lever escapement, damaskeened nickel movement. Enamel dial with locomotive decoration. Solid ore-silver dust proof screw case, heavy or medium weight, both case and works guaranteed for 20 years. You examine the watch at your express office and if satisfactory pay express agent $4.95 and express charges and it is yours. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Mention weight wanted, heavy or medium, and order today as this advertisement may not appear again. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 556 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

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Our American made, stem wind watch beautifully designed case, factory-tested, guaranteed for 5 years, and this latest style double heart signet ring are given to boys and girls for selling 20 packets of high grade art post cards at 10c a packet. Order 20 packets to-day. When sold send us $2.00 and we will positively send you at once the watch, ring and chain.
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TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. WRITE FOR BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 182 STATE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

Imelda Arden's Crime.

(Continued from page thirteen.)

talk with you about her, Mr. Kranbourne. She has grown to be a very dear friend—"

"Eh; what, what, a dear friend, Imelda a dear friend of yours, Calcraft?" ejaculated the lumberman. A flood of color swept into the pale cheeks. Evidently the words of his employe stirred if they did not anger the man.

"Such is the fact—"

"Never mind now. Find the child and send her to me," interrupted the lumberman. "I have something of importance to say to her."

"Evidently you should have said it before you let her run off and expose herself to a thousand and one dangers, Mr. Kranbourne."

Our hero spoke earnestly. Where the pretty Imelda was concerned Calcraft could not be anything but earnest. He would have liked to have met her guardian in the privacy of his home and questioned him very particularly with regard to his ward. As it was he was not disposed to keep silent on an important item—the theft of a large sum of money.

"It was her own motion that she did so, Rand," said Kranbourne.

"It has been reported that your ward carried away important papers, and a large sum of money," said Calcraft. "In fact your offer of a reward of such large amount lent color to the report."

"'Sdeath!" growled the lumberman.

"Officers of the law have sought Miss Arden, sought her with intent to place her in irons and throw her into prison—"

"No, no, you don't mean that!"

The speaker was visibly agitated.

"Certainly I mean it," declared Calcraft with emphasis. "Troth and two detectives have pursued the girl with that purpose in view."

"Legrand Troth did you say?"

There was a blaze of anger in the speaker's voice.

"I so say and so mean," returned Rand. "But for friends whom the girl met in her rambles she would long ere this be behind prison bars, accused of a heinous crime. You have lent yourself to this state of affairs, Mr. Kranbourne. Now what have you to say on the subject?"

"What can I say?"

"You can say if Imelda Arden is guilty or not."

"Not guilty, of course. If any man dares lay a hand on that girl to harm her in body or in name I will kill him!"

The hand of the speaker fell heavily upon his companion's shoulder as he gave utterance to these thrilling words. "There has been a grave misunderstanding, Rand. I did not wish Imelda to go away. She is somewhat timid and thought her absenting herself for a short time the best thing to do under the circumstances."

"Yes, under the circumstances?"

"Why, yes, of course. But you do not understand, nor do I think I can enlighten you just now."

The lumberman bit his lip and continued his walk, Rand keeping close at his side. Our hero was determined not to quit the millionaire till he did enlighten him in any event.

"It is not your good sense that has saved the young woman from a cell in a common jail, Mr. Kranbourne," proceeded the land-cruiser. "Your offer of a reward led the public to believe that the disappearing ward was a thief."

"Sir, you shock me. I meant no harm; in fact it was her idea."

"Her idea?"

"The offering of a reward. She regarded it in the light of a joke I am sure, and I thought no harm would come of it if I at once withdrew the offer, which I did. It never appeared after the one issue of the paper."

"Perhaps not, and yet it has done a great deal of damage. You say it was not your wish that Miss Arden leave her home?"

"Such is the fact, sir."

"Whom did she fear by remaining? What was the trouble anyhow?"

"Unfortunate debts of mine which that idiotic scoundrel Troth has bought up and is crowding against me."

"Exactly. I knew he was into it."

"If I am pushed now for the debts it means ruin, Rand. Long before I knew that Troth had these accounts I deeded the principal part of my holdings to my ward. I had a perfect right to do this since she is of age, and a very competent person in every way."

"I believe that, sir," assented Calcraft.

"Troth paid suit to the girl; when she turned him down good and hard he became angry and published lies about her—"

"About her being of low birth?"

"Yes. So you have heard—"

"That she is the daughter of a half-breed Frenchman, yes. You tell me it is an untruth?" A gleam of anxiety filled the eyes of the questioner.

"A slanderous lie!" suppressing an imprecation.

"I am glad to hear that. Troth of Detroit has much to answer for."

"That he has, and I will make him eat his vile lies the next time we meet." Kranbourne was warming up.

"He is in the city, I understand."

"[illegible] to face his suit [illegible] checkmate him at law [illegible] afterward. If I am let alone I shall soon be able to meet all my debts and save myself financially as well. You say Miss Arden has returned. I am extremely glad to hear it. She will undoubtedly return home soon, and face the music. She really has nothing to fear."

"I am pleased to hear you say that."

"Will you go with me to the courtroom?"

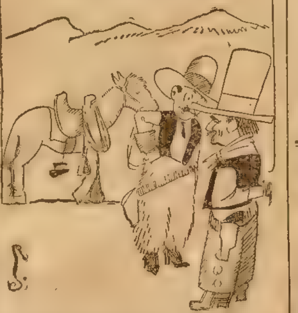
To this the land-cruiser readily assented.

Arrived at court a surprise awaited both Legrand Troth and his opponent in the suit then pending. One of the surprises was to Rand Calcraft when, upon entering the courtroom, he was greeted with a smile by the most beautiful occupant of the place, Imelda Arden herself.

This powerful story will be continued in the next week's Ledger. Do not miss reading it. A lot of great and timely stories will appear in the Ledger during this year. Send in your subscription and you will find yourself repaid ten time over.

* * *

Broncho Busting.



Pie-Eyed Pete—What you got that thar flatiron hung under you-all's horse for?

Holster Hank—Wall, pard, every time he tries to buck that thar iron lams him one and it's almost got him broke of the habit.

* * *

Washing By Proxy.

Denmark is one of the cleanest little countries imaginable. In a Copenhagen public school one may see an interesting sight. Mounting the spotless stone staircase to the first flight, every morning you may see at 8 o'clock the children assemble and answer to their names and then march to a dressing room. Here they undress, and each child neatly folds its clothes, and puts the tidy little bundle on the floor. Then the children go into a small square room with shelves all round, and on these shelves are innumerable wooden tubs, such as we use in America for washing, with two iron bands round them. Everything is in immaculate order. The teacher gives each child a tub, and he or she takes it into an immense and well-lighted washroom.

Of course the girls and boys are washed separately, and they perform their ablutions by grades, the tiniest ones coming first. The floor of this washroom is of cement, and in the center is a latticed wooden floor. All round the top of the wall runs a nickel shower pipe, the water of which is regulated by the teacher. Under these showers, at the height where the small fingers can reach, are little nickel stands with soap and the stiffest hog-bristle brushes, which make one shiver. Near by is also a faucet.

Each child puts his or her tub under the faucet, and pours the necessary amount of water into it, and proceeds to scrub—not himself or herself—but the child in front! A novel sight and a pretty one, for a lover of children. But one could not help thinking what an instrument of torture that innocent brush could be, if the small fingers that manipulated it did their duty viciously, paying off some grudge or fancied slight.

When all are clean, the teacher turns on the showers, and they are all thoroughly rinsed with first hot and then cold water. Each child is obliged to empty its own tub, then the clean, rosy little bodies dry themselves with rough towels, standing on the wooden latticed floor. Each tub has to be carefully put away, the children dress themselves, and they file in for prayers, and the business of recitation begins.

* * *

Honors Even.

"You are the first man I ever permitted to kiss me."

"And you are first girl I have ever kissed. Will you marry me?"

"I wouldn't marry a liar."

"I would."

* * *

Proud Ancestry.

"He can trace his ancestors back to Charlemagne."

"Yes—and his ancestors wouldn't care to trace him to the next block."

NO MONEY DOWN—NO DEPOSIT—NO OBLIGATIONS

YOURS ON APPROVAL

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Take this machine into your home; use it as your own; try all its attachments, and if it is not exactly all we claim for it in every respect; if it is not handsomer, better made, more easy to run, and if it does not do better work than any machine three times its price, we will take it back and you will not be put to any expense whatever. Try it a month absolutely free; then, if satisfied, pay us only

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Formerly sold through dealers and agents for $45 to $65. Now offered direct from our factory to you on easy payments at about one-third its old price. We have cut off our wholesalers, jobbers, dealers, and agents, giving you their profits.

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OUR 20-YEAR GUARANTEE means if the machine proves defective in material or workmanship during 20 years of service we will replace it with another machine or refund your money.

THIS PERFECT MACHINE is strictly ball-bearing; has the newest drop head automatic lift; is easy running and sews a perfect lock stitch. Among the operations it performs are adjustable hemming, hemming and sewing on lace, the French seam, frilling, tucking, binding, the French fold, braiding, darning, quilting, ruffling, plaiting, ruffling between two bands, edgestitching and piping and shirring. We positively guarantee that this marvelous variety and perfection of work cannot be duplicated by the attachments of any other family sewing machine in the world. The machine is complete and includes all the attachments. Write for illustrated catalogue giving complete descriptions.

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Fine High Grade $5.00 Straight Whiskey $2.87

Our Gallons are full 128 ounces—the 2 gallons contain full 256 ounces. Don't let the 124 ounce fellow make you believe that anything less than 128 ounces makes a gallon.

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Our Liberal Offer: Send us $2.87 and we will at once send you 2 Full Gallons fine, pure, straight whiskey, rich, mellow and good. Not a colored, raw, white spirit whiskey but a straight whiskey aged in wood and in bond. Try it in any way you wish and if you do not find it to be the best whiskey you ever bought, at twice the price, send it back and we will return your money. Send P. O. Order, Express Money Order or Bank Draft. Do not send personal checks, we cannot afford to pay exchange when we sell our goods so low. This is an unheard-of low price; go to your saloonkeeper and ask him what he pays for whiskey by the barrel—the kind he charges you 10c or 15c per drink. If he tells you the truth you will find he pays from $1.50 to $1.75 per gallon. Under our special offer you can buy 2-gallon lots at a smaller price than your dealer pays by the barrel. Why pay more? Larger quantities as follows:

5 Gallon Keg, $7.15
10 Gallon Keg, $13.41
25 Gallon Half Bbl., $33.10
50 Gallon Bbl., $64.30

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Constant stream of nickles, dimes, quarters. Always money coming in—Crispettes going out. Perrine, Cal., "One day's sales $380.00." Start in safe, profitable, easy, fascinating business. Somewhere in your town there is a small vacant store—a part of a building—a window—a little nook where the rent isn't high. There you can set up your machine, sell crispettes and make big money. Crispettes are fine—all like them—young and old. So easy to get the money. Everybody willing to spend small money. Millions made in 5c pieces. Think of fortunes made in 5 and 10 cent stores—street car companies—five cent shows. Machine simple—easy to understand and work. Full instructions—secret formula. Investigate. Get full particulars—reports from users. See what others have done. Judge what you can do. Write a card now.

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Her Fortune

There are lots of instances where beauty is invariably beaten to the job, when freckles may defy the massage parlor grade of complexion.

How about the commercial demand for the undecorative? It is even very great, the agents say.

The stenographer of one of the busiest managers of a large manufacturing concern in Chicago supplies at least a partial answer to these queries. She is sallow and sandy, freckled and spectacled. Each eye is watery and shows a tendency to peer in through the windows of the other's soul. She's got a streaky neck and a stringy figure. She has bony knuckles. She goes in where she should go out and out where she should go in.

But she has held her job for a good many years at an ever increasing salary

Her employer regards her as the apple of his eye. You couldn't loosen his hold on her with a clasp knife. For a long time his attitude was a mystery to his friends, who were all enabled to become humorists through the inspiration of his stenographer. Then he proceeded to explain:

"You see," he said, "I am in business for business, and I hire my stenographer for exactly the same reasons as I hire my foreman—because I figure them both out to be thoroughly efficient. When I was younger I hired many pretty girls because I like to have 'em around. But listen to this—I never found a pretty girl who was really efficient in a business office. They think a good deal upon the subject of themselves and only a little bit on the work. They are probably figuring out how they're looking when they're doing everything.

"Every visitor who comes into the office, too, is continually rubbering and gives that stenographer a better idea of herself than ever. She's always pulling down her shirtwaist or fooling about her hair or rubbing chamois skin on her nose or taking a look at herself in her little hand mirror. She counts a good deal upon her good looks to hold her job—and very often she counts right.

"You'll take bad punctuation from a pretty girl when you would never stand it from a plain one."

"And not only that," he went on, "she not only wastes her own time but that of everybody else in the office. The boys are always peeking over the glass windows at her. Any clerk who can rake up a possible question to ask her will ask it. If she goes out into one of the passages somebody's sure to stop her to speak to her.

"No," concluded this man, shaking his head; "from a business point of view your pretty girl is a failure. She's a bad speller, a time waster and a disorganizer. Now, your homely girl," he went on, "is right down onto her job. She knows that if she doesn't nurse that nothing will save her. She can't think of her face, because that's fierce. She can't think of her shape, because she hasn't got any. She does think of her spelling, because that's her only hope. So usually your homely girl is a pretty good stenographer."

Indeed, it is surprising, if you are collecting facts upon the utility of the decorative feminine, how brightly the flat and angular young person shows up in comparison with her sister of the bright-idea look and peachblow cheeks.

* * *

Keeps Body Healthy.

Upward of half of the saline matter of the blood consists of common salt (chloride of sodium), and as this is partly discharged every day through the skin and kidneys, the necessity of continued supplies of it to the healthy body becomes sufficiently obvious, says the London Express.

The bile also contains soda as a special and indispensable constituent, and so do all the cartilages of the body. If the intake of salt be insufficient, therefore, the bile will fail to assist the digestion, and the waste of cartilage will exceed the rate of construction; and as the chlorine of salt furnishes hydrochloric acid to the gastric (digestive) juice, the digestion must also directly suffer.

Despite this corpulency encouraging verdict, Dr. Ackerly does not deny that a moderate craving for salt may be physiological. But he says most people consume about twenty grains a day, and this is ten times too much. Two grains is ample, he contends, and this is found normally in our food. This is precisely what is said by all the antisalt crusaders—and their name is legion. So the question asked by Job, "Can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt?" still lacks a scientific answer, for proper investigation is almost lacking to lead us on our salarian way.

We do know this, however, that the employment of salt is not and never has been so universal as is popularly believed. On the one hand, Aristotle related that the Greeks valued it so highly that a salt spring was believed to be a direct gift of the gods, and the very caravan routes of the Sahara, even to this day, are mainly supported by the salt traffic. Mungo Park describes salt as "the greatest of all luxuries in Central Africa." He says: "I have myself suffered great inconvenience from the scarcity of this article. The long use of vegetable food creates so painful a longing for salt that no words can sufficiently describe it."

Of course the common table salt must not be confused with the salts of sodium, potassium and magnesium, which are just as essential to the body's weal and which are contained in our daily foods, or with the lime salt which is so vital in the foods of youth since it is the material for bone building.

Then there are the salts in fruits and vegetables—lactates, tartrates, citrates, malates and acetates. They are also of prime importance to the health of the body. They keep the fluid alkaline. If this condition be not maintained malnutrition sets in and finally the dreadful scurvy appears.

For this reason we eat green vegetables which have digestive drawbacks, but they contain these valuable salts. This source of supply is cheap, and even in those frequent cases where green vegetables are found indigestible an excellent cabbage soup can be made containing the desirable principals.

* * *

The "Mother Instinct."

It is a mistake to build too much on the "mother instinct" in the little girl. Of course it saves a careless mother a lot of trouble to dismiss the idea of carefully watching over the development of her child with the vague conclusion that "mother instinct" will later teach the girl the right and the wrong of all methods.

Little girls as well as little boys are imitative animals and as they see you do so they will do. Almost the first thought of the "little mother," who has become possessed of a family in the shape of a round eyed doll with real garments that can be removed and restored to place, just like the clothes that the girl herself wears, will be to have a washing day like larger folks

Encourage this idea says the Pittsburg Dispatch. Don't trust to the instinct or even the observation of the child to show her the right way to arrange her washing day. Tell her which day to set apart for this work and see that she has a place all to herself, where she can rub in suds to her heart's content and carry the job through to the very end without encroaching on the preserves of any other members of the family.

The little tubs and boards and irons can be bought children's sizes. It will be the most suitable present you can give your little girl.

Not only should she be taught to wash the clothes of the doll, but she should be shown how to iron them properly. It will delight any little girl who is encouraged with an outfit of the kind suggested to do the washing and drying and ironing of her own doll's clothes.

* * *

Small Fry Jokes.

Grandma (impatiently)—Dorothy, I do wish you would be quiet a little while.

Dorothy—Now, grandma, don't scold. If it wasn't for me you wouldn't be a grandma at all.

Little Joe—Mamma, you'll have to chastise Bessie.

Mamma—Why, dear?

Little Joe—'Cause she slapped me two times when I only slapped her once.

Teacher—Now, remember, Tommy, that wasps lie in torpid state during the entire winter.

Tommy—Yes, ma'am; but they make up for it during the summer.

"Ah, my little lady," said the old gentleman, "and what might your age be?"

"Well, sir," replied the little girl, politely, "it might be 40, I suppose, but it isn't."

Knowledge is Power

There is one kind of knowledge that is power and prestige in the hands of a woman. It is the knowledge of her own nature, her own physical make-up and the home-treatment of diseases peculiar to her sex. There is a great home medical book that teaches all this. It is Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a book of 1008 pages and over 700 wood-cuts and colored plates. Over 2,400,000 American homes contain copies of this work. It used to cost $1.50; now *it is free.* For French cloth binding, send 31 one-cent stamps, *to cover cost of wrapping and mailing only*, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. A new, revised up-to-date Edition, now ready.

This great book tells all about a medicine that is a cure for all weakness and disease of the delicate organs distinctly feminine. That medicine is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. During the past 40 years many thousands of women have used it with marvelous results.

It imparts health, vigor, virility, strength and elasticity to the organs that bear the burdens of maternity. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. Taken during the period of gestation, it makes the coming of baby easy and almost painless. It completely banishes the pain and misery that are the result of a woman's neglecting her womanly health.

An honest medicine dealer will give you what you ask for, and not try to persuade you to take some inferior-secret-nostrum substitute for the little added profit he may make thereon.

"Favorite Prescription" is so perfect and so good in its make-up that its makers feel warranted to print its every ingredient on its bottle-wrappers. Is that not a significant fact? As will be seen from its list of ingredients, it contains neither alcohol nor habit-forming drugs.

$1 Worth of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Treatment FREE

It is a positive remedy for all Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress After Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Congested and Torpid Liver, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache and Gall Stones.

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with **mucoid and catarrhal accretions**, backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. **You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two** before you will feel its great benefits—**only one dose is usually required.** I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to. I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to sufferers absolutely **Free** so you can try it in your own home at my expense.

The most eminent specialists declare that 75 per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from **Gall Stones.** I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach and Liver troubles and **Gall Stones** should not hesitate a moment, but send for this **Free** treatment at once. I would be pleased to send you the names of people who state they have been cured of various Stomach ailments and speaking the highest praise of this medicine. Just fill out the Coupon below—let me send you this wonderful treatment together with highly interesting literature, testimonials, etc. Don't suffer with agonizing pains—don't permit a dangerous surgical operation, which gives only temporary relief, when this medicine will permanently help you.

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References :—Mercantile Agencies or State Bank of Chicago

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THIS REMEDY REMOVES GALL STONES
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Think of it! **Two full gallon jugs of rich, rare, mellow old straight whiskey for only $2.84,** each jug guaranteed to contain full 128 ounces—256 full ounces in all—of superfine goods such as you have probably paid $3.00 to $3.50 per gallon for more than once in the past. Remember, this is **Straight Whiskey**—every drop pure—not a compound or a blend—but honest straight goods that will prove a genuine revelation of real whiskey quality.

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Just send us $4.75 by Express or P. O. Money Order, Registered Currency or St. Louis Exchange, and we will at once ship you 12 Full Quart Bottles (3 Full Gallons) of this World-Beating Straight Whiskey. When it reaches you, open a bottle, drink as much as you like, and if you do not say right off that this is the best whiskey you ever tasted at any price, return the unopened bottles to us and get your money back at once! Address your letters to the firm or the manager and they will receive immediate attention.

Special Quantity Offers:

24 Full 16-oz. pint Bottles,	$6.00	5-gal. Keg,	$7.15
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BOY'S AND GIRL'S CORNER

Tony Tripp's Adventures;

Or, THE BOYS FROM ALLABACK'S

By Capt. Hugh Hamilton

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

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CHAPTER VII.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

IF THE boy from Allaback's could have been witness to a certain interview, which took place shortly before the accident of the runaway team, he might have trembled for his future.

In the very room where he had fallen into the clutches of the two sharks, the day of his arrival in the city, sat three men.

Two of them were Jerrold and the man called Chalk, and the third was the notorious Sam O'Dell.

"I'm sorry," O'Dell was saying, "that you let the young pigeon from the country get away without plucking."

"It wasn't our fault," replied Jerrold. "He put up an unexpected fight, and Silas yonder can show a lump on his arm where the stick landed. That boy's a veritable tiger when you stir him up."

"And he has the strength of a young giant," growled Chalk. "Bless me! if I didn't nearly see stars when he struck. But just wait. I'll get even with him for that blow."

"He's been mixing in my affairs," resumed O'Dell. "My partner took him in the office, you know, because he's his uncle, and I wasn't consulted in the matter."

"But you got rid of him, I understand?"

"Yes, Jasper even couldn't stand him."

"Where is he now?"

"Oh, he got a job with Shell, the Government inspector.

"And I suppose he'll be nosing around the custom house putting on airs."

"I don't know about that. Shell will probably keep him in the office.

"I wish we could get at him," said Chalk. "Where does he nest?"

"Here's his address," and O'Dell tossed a bit of paper on the table. "He has a chum now, I believe—a chap of his own kind who has just come in from across the river."

"Two country birds, eh?"

"Yes."

"We'll fix him," remarked Jerrold as he lit a fresh cigar. "I don't propose to smart long under the doings of that boy. You say he interfered with your affairs, Sam?"

"Yes, got obstreperous. I ordered him to put an undesirable visitor out of the office one day and he wouldn't."

"Why didn't you kick the young swell out?"

"By jove! I was afraid. I didn't like the gleam of his eyes."

Mr. Chalk laughed.

"That's just why I wouldn't go after him when he gave me the blow on the arm," he grinned. "I didn't like his eye, either."

"Well," said Sam, rising, "I shall expect you to give him a trimming down at the first opportunity."

"We shall," replied Chalk, "and his young pal?"

"Oh, treat him the same," was the heartless advice. "Don't be partial."

"See here," said Chalk, as O'Dell started towards the door. "You don't happen to have a tenner about you, Sam?"

O'Dell winced a little, but drew his purse and tossed a crisp bill upon the table. It was a twenty.

"All right," said Chalk. "We'll see that the young rat doesn't bother you any more."

With this Sam O'Dell went away and the precious rascals heard his footfalls on the stairs.

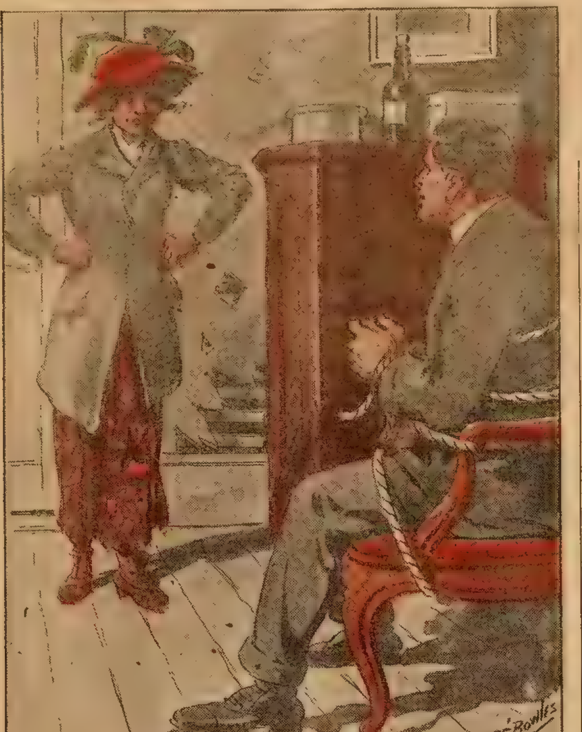
Jasper Sharp's partner proceeded to the other side of the city, where he ran rapidly up a flight of steps and opened a door. He was greeted by a man who rose from a chair and limped across the room.

"Hello, Paul!" cried O'Dell. "I just dropped in for a minute on my way home."

"How's everything, Sam?"

"Going all right."

"Have they missed the loot yet?"



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"If you mean the people in Pineapple street, they've missed the things."

"Are they making a fuss about it?"

"Yes, a little fuss."

"But they don't know?"

"Of course they don't. You did that little trick well, Paul."

"Just like I do everything I undertake," was the reply. "I was fortunate in catching the girl and her mother away from home and the loot was easy to find."

"Well, here's a little cash," and Sam O'Dell threw a bill before the man. "I guess the incident's closed."

With this he retired.

"I wouldn't have done that trick," said the man of the place to himself as he picked up the money, "if it hadn't [illegible] for Sam O'Dell. I didn't like to plunder the woman and her girl, but I needed money and Sam is able to pay. Hang me, if I don't feel mean over it, and I'm tempted to rob Sam and restore the loot."

It isn't often that a burglar becomes conscience sticken and Paul Norton seldom had such spells.

Thrusting the crumpled bill into his pocket, he seated himself at the table and scribbled off the following lines.

"Mrs. Moore and Daughter:—I'm sorry I robbed you of those papers, but I had to have money and there was a man who was able to pay for the job. I enclose some money and I hope it will make up for the loss of those papers. Please forgive me.

"THE MAN WHO DID IT."

Placing the ten-dollar bill in the letter, he enclosed the whole in an envelope which he addressed to "Mrs. Moore, 101 Pineapple street," and went out. In a moment he had dropped the letter into the nearest mail box and went away whistling a lively air as if a load had been lifted from his mind.

"That's better than not doing anything," said he. "I wonder what Sam wanted with them papers? He isn't the most honorable man on earth, but to pay for having a widow and her daughter robbed is pretty tough."

Meanwhile O'Dell had gone home.

Soon after he arrived there he bethought himself of something and, picking up his hat, vanished from the room. He was on the street in a moment and had turned his face towards his office.

Many lights still shone in the Mohawk building and he was soon on the sixth floor.

There was a bright light in the office of Sharp & O'Dell and he tiptoed down the corridor. Placing his eye at the keyhole, he espied his partner, Jasper Sharp, seated at the table. For some moments Sam breathlessly observed this tableau and then tried the knob noiselessly.

The door swung open without sound and he stalked inside.

Jasper Sharp was not aware of his presence, for he was too busy with some papers which were spread out on the table before him, and across the room the door of the large steel safe stood wide open.

"Hello, Jasper!" cried Sam O'Dell

Tony's uncle started as if a bomb had fallen on the table before him.

His face was deathly white and he seemed to have lost the power of speech.

"I had a little errand here and thought I would attend to it," continued Sam in an off-hand manner, but at the same time he was eyeing the contents of the table.

Jasper Sharp knew that he had been caught in the act and his hand tried to cover a little package which he had evidently taken from the safe.

"Looking at the trinkets, eh?" grinned O'Dell, fixing his gaze on the packet.

"Yes—"

"The gal hasn't been back after them?"

"No, but—"

Sam O'Dell coolly seated himself beside his partner and gave him a stern look.

"I don't like this, Jasper," said he. "You were thinking of turning them over to the women."

"Why can't we do that?" was the reply. "She has the money to redeem them."

"Let her bring the papers first."

"But the girl said they had been lost, you know."

"Yes. That was her story at any rate. See here. You're not going to restore the property."

Jasper's sharp hand fell back from the packet and the nimble fingers of Sam O'Dell clutched it.

"I'm boss here," he growled. "You're getting woman-hearted. It won't work, Jasper."

"For heaven's sake, Sam, why can't we be honest once in our lives?" he exclaimed. "You made me dismiss my nephew in whom there is the mak'ng of a grand man—"

"I don't want such rats about me!" broke in O'Dell. "I don't care if he is your sister's child."

Jasper Sharp's lips were white and they came together in a way that caught O'Dell's look.

"I believe I'll retire from the firm," said Sharp.

"You won't do anything of the kind," was the instant and heartless rejoinder. "You can't get out of the firm without my consent. I've got a say in any dissolution that comes about."

Jasper Sharp's head sank upon his bosom with a groan and O'Dell watched him with a pair of malignant eyes.

"You remain right where you are," he went on. "You know what I know."

"Yes, yes. What a fool I've been."

"Fool or not," cried Sam O'Dell, "talk about quitting this firm and I'll open my mouth."

Slowly the ghastly face of Jasper Sharp was upturned till it was revealed to his partner.

"Don't!" he gasped. "Remember my dead wife."

"Remember fiddlesticks!" laughed O'Dell. "Just try to get out of the firm and see what happens."

"I know you've got me," was the confession. "I know I'm in your power. You can ruin me with a word."

"Of course I can. If you know on which side your bread is buttered you'll act with reason."

Jasper did not speak. The shark at his side drew off a little and regarded him with a pair of merciless and triumphant eyes.

Suddenly one hand shot forward and gathered up the things which Jasper had taken from the steel safe and restored them to the inner compartments, after which he came back to the table and laid his hand on Sharp's shoulder.

"You're in my power, Jasper," said he deliberately. "If you attempt to kick over the traces you are a doomed man. I won't spare you. On the contrary, I'll disgrace you in the eyes of the world and make you an object of derision. Now, sir, go and leave me alone."

Slowly Jasper Sharp rose and passed from the room with a look which Sam O'Dell never forgot.

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO SURPRISED BOYS.

The day after the rescue of Mrs. Van-Stanley by our two young friends, a letter bearing a seal and a stylish crest was received at Tony's lodgings. The boy from Allaback's opened it with feverish curiosity, and to his astonishment found it to be an invitation for him and Billy to appear at the magnificent home of the writer on Murray Hill.

When Billy put in an appearance after his duties he was shown the letter, after reading which he turned to Tony a face seamed with excitement.

"Where is Murray Hill, Tony?" he asked innocently.

"It's the locality where the wealthy live," was the reply.

"I should have thought so from this stylish letter. What does Mrs. Van-Stanley want with us?"

"She simply invites us to her residence. You know she's the lady who was in the carriage last night?"

"Yes."

"We'll go and see her, Billy," remarked Tony. "At any rate we're getting acquainted with some pretty good people."

"Better than some we've met, eh?" grinned Billy Bates. "I'll bet my head they don't invite Sam O'Dell and Mr. Sommers to Murray Hill."

Tony laughed at his chum's remarks and they arranged to answer Mrs. Van-Stanley's invitation in person.

The following evening when they were at leisure they might have been seen on Murray Hill.

"It beats Allaback's for fine houses," remarked Billy as he took in the scene. "One such house as that yonder would make our folks die with envy. How do these people make all their money?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Tony, "they make it in various ways. Some of them are kings in Wall Street, where the money is, and others, no doubt, have inherited their wealth."

The Van-Stanley mansion was found without difficulty and with considerable timidity they mounted the broad steps and rang the bell. A liveried butler opened the door and stared at them.

Tony, who had written their names on a card, extended it and the man with a glance looked into his face.

"The family is not at home, said he.

"That's a pretty howdy-do!" exclaimed Billy, "after one's been invited and then can't git further than the front door."

"You've been invited to the house, eh?"

"Yes, by Mrs. Van-Stanley."

The man left them standing in the wide hallway and soon returned.

In another moment they were being escorted by the butler to another part of the house. They were ushered into a large and richly furnished parlor, where they were left alone for a few minutes.

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Billy Bates, as he gazed at the magnificence of the apartment. "We couldn't git this rich in a thousand years, Tony."

"Perhaps not in twenty centuries, Billy"

Presently the door opened and a richly dressed lady entered. She was at once recognized by the boys as the oc-

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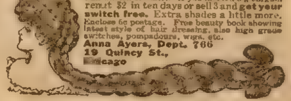

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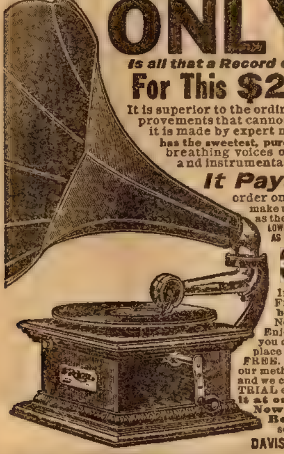

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cupant of the carriage which had been overturned in the public street. The moment she spied our young friends she came forward with a pleasant smile.

"I'm glad you have come," said she. "You certainly did me a great service on the occasion of my accident and I desire to thank you in my own house."

She had scarcely ceased when two beautiful young girls came forward and Mrs. Van-Stanley introduced them as her daughters, Paulina and Carolyn.

The young ladies were glad to welcome Billy and Tony, who hardly knew how to reply to their expressions of gratitude.

"I wonder what's coming next?" thought the boy from Allaback's.

"I trust you will make yourselves at home," resumed Mrs. Van-Stanley. "My husband is out of the city, else he would be here to thank you for your courageous acts."

"It wasn't anything," said Billy with a blush. "I once stopped Tim Hogan's team when it was coming down Hobson's Hill lippity cut, and though Tim was tumbled out and broke his leg, the damage wasn't very much."

The two Misses Van-Stanley smiled and tried to look interested.

"I desire, my young friends, to show you some mark of our esteem," the mother of the girls continued.

She reached over an onyx-topped table and touched a gold call-bell. The butler marched loftily into the room.

"The tray on the mantel, Ivan," said Mrs. Van-Stanley, and the fellow as loftily marched out.

Presently he returned bearing before him a silver tray, upon which reposed two little black boxes such as the boys had observed in the windows of the avenue jewelry stores.

Mrs. Van-Stanley picked up one of the boxes and, extending it to Tony, said:

"Please accept this as a token of gratitude and a reward for your bravery."

At the same time Miss Carolyn handed the second box to Billy with similar words.

The curiosity of the boys from Allaback's got the better of them instanter and with eager fingers they opened the boxes. They were lined with purple plush and in each box lay a splendid gold watch and elaborate chain.

Tony looked at Billy and Billy returned the stare of amazement. Neither could speak.

"Open the cases," said Miss Paulina, with a sly glance at her stately mother.

This the boys did and read the following inscription in the highest style of the engraver's art:

"Presented by Mrs. Van-Stanley, as the reward of heroism."

The watches were also inscribed with the names of the boys.

"We will never forget you," said the haughty lady, fixing her eyes on the astonished boys. "You are real heroes and deserve to have your deed emblazoned on the roll of fame."

Tony and Billy murmured their thanks as best they could and hardly knew what to do with the gifts.

"We won't dare to wear these watches in public," said Tony. "We would be robbed the first day out."

"Especially if Sommers and Mr. Chalk were about," put in Billy. "I guess we'll send 'em home."

"Where are you from?" asked Mrs. Van-Stanley.

"We're from Allaback's in Jersey."

"A pleasant place," was the reply. "I remember seeing the cozy little station from the cars last summer."

"It's an all right place, madam," was the answer. "They've never seen such tickers as these there."

"Then you will be the observed of all observers," smiled one of the young daughters.

"Won't we, though?" ejaculated the delighted Billy. "Really, madam, what we did last night isn't worth so much expense. Mebbe you can't afford it?"

At this the two girls broke forth in merriment and looked at their mother.

"I assure you young gentlemen," said Mrs. Van-Stanley with all the sedateness she could muster, "that it won't bankrupt us."

"Then we'll keep 'em," Billy returned.

A few moments later Miss Paulina went to the piano and began to play. The servant brought in punch and ices and the boys fell to with much gusto, all the while glancing around at the magnificent furnishings of the lofty room.

"It beats a king's palace," Billy whispered to Tony. "I wonder if Solomon ever had a place just like this?"

"Don't bother me just now, Billy," was the retort as Tony filled his silver spoon with an ice.

"I wouldn't mind stopping a runaway team every day if this is what one gits for it."

After refreshments the boys were escorted into the great library of the Van-Stanley mansion and shown the costly paintings with which the walls were adorned. There were curiosities from all parts of the world, carvings, pictures, bric-a-brac, each of which had cost an enormous sum. Miss Carolyn accompanied them with descriptions of the works of art, and while the boys inspected the objects they did not for

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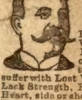

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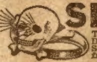

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a moment relinquish their hold on the precious boxes.

They were more than an hour in the mansion on Murray Hill and every moment of the time was fraught with surprises. Billy stepped gingerly on the velvet carpet, as if fearful of soiling it, and Tony kept his hands clear of the various things.

At last the time for their departure came.

They were escorted to the door by Mrs. Van-Stanley and her daughters, who were again profuse with their thanks, and when the carved portal had closed on them Tony looked at his companion.

"I've got to pinch myself to see if it isn't a dream," said Billy with a smile. "I used to dream of many things at Allaback's, but this flabbergasts me, Tony."

"This is proof that it isn't a dream," and Tony held forth his black box.

"How are we going to get home?"

"Why, Billy?"

"If we take a car we'll be robbed, and if we walk we'll be slugged by some night owl."

"Why not take a cab?"

"Just the thing!" cried Billy Bates.

At that moment a taxicab hove in sight and the two boys hailed it. The vehicle drew to the curb.

"Take us to No. 98 DeKoven street," said Tony.

"And don't spare your machine," added Billy as he climbed inside.

The boys were off in a jiffy and were soon rushing across the lighted metropolis.

"Keep a hand on your watch, Tony," continued Billy. "There ain't another pair like ours in the world."

The boys did not breathe free till they were set down in front of their lodgings, and, after paying the chauffeur, they bounded upstairs.

Billy hastened to bolt the door, after which he drew his precious gift from beneath his coat and deposited it on the table.

"I'm going to have it put in the steel safe tomorrow," said he. "If Chalk or Jerrold smells it out in our hands it won't be worth looking after."

It was a sleepless night for the boys from Allaback's and they actually kept the prizes in their hands till morning.

When they went to their respective places of employment they carried the watches with them and had them placed where they would be safe, guarded by heavy steel doors which no robber could force. For all this the night's adventure seemed a dream to them and for some time they forgot Sam O'Dell, Chalk and his companion, to say nothing of the Moores and Billy's lost uncle Evan.

CHAPTER IX.

GRIP OF MR. CHALK.

"Tony," said Mr. Shell, the inspector, to our herp the next day, "I've got a little work for you."

Tony laid aside his book and was alert in a moment.

"There's some pretty smuggling going on," continued Mr. Shell. "I want a certain store watched for a few days."

He proceeded and informed Tony that he was expected to take up quarters for awhile in a certain house which stood opposite a little building, which, he explained, was occupied by one Darius Darke, who was under suspicion by the authorities. It was suspected that diamonds were being smuggled into this country and also into the store by a man who was a passenger on one of the large liners which would reach the port on the following day.

The inspector described the suspected one to Tony and told him to report if such an individual entered the store.

Tony never thought he would be called upon to enact the role of spy, but he did not demur to the arrangement.

He went to the place designated by his employer and was soon ensconced in a snug little room, from which he could keep tab on the establishment across the street.

He left a rather mysterious note in the room for Billy, for he had no time to see him personally, but he did not tell his chum where he was to be found.

The next day and the next one passed, and just as the shades of evening were settling over the city he saw a man answering the description of the man who was expected on the liner enter the shop. Tony hastened from the room and crossed the street.

In another moment he had entered the store, which was a small jewelry establishment.

The man who had entered before him was at one end of the counter talking in low tones to the proprietor, while a lean-faced young clerk came forward and asked Tony what he wanted.

"I'd like to look at some rings," said the boy.

The young man lifted a tray from one of the show cases and displayed some medium priced rings for Tony's inspection.

While apparently engrossed in examining the rings, Tony managed to glance at the men and saw them enter a small alcove not far off. The visitor took from his pocket a package, which he handed to the proprietor, who took it with a smile of satisfaction. That they

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were smuggled jewels Tony did not doubt for a moment.

He had seen enough to report to Mr. Shell and, saying that none of the rings suited him, he withdrew.

What was his surprise when, as he reached the street, he nearly collided with the man known as Chalk. What was he doing in that part of the city at that hour?

Chalk did not appear to have noticed the boy from Allaback's, and Tony made off as rapidly as possible.

All at once he heard a footstep behind him, and, glancing over his left shoulder, he saw Mr. Chalk almost upon him.

"See here," called out the shark, as his hand darted out and landed on Tony's shoulder before he could elude it. "I want to see you, boy."

To escape was impossible.

He was in the clutches of a great rascal and one who seemed to possess the strength of a giant.

"What do you want of me?" asked Tony, twisting in the man's grip.

"Come along and I'll show you," was the reply, and he was dragged away.

Nothing else was said till Tony found himself in an upper room two squares from the scene of his capture, and he was almost thrown into a chair by the scoundrel.

"Interfering again, eh?" ejaculated Chalk.

"Interfering with whom?"

"Never mind. I guess you've been caught in the act this time. How do you like the change?"

Tony did not reply.

All at once the man produced a strong rope from a cupboard in one corner of the room and began to bind Tony to the chair. The face of the boy from Allaback's went white, but he was speechless with fear.

The cruel rope seemed to cut to the bone, for the man did not handle it gently, and in a few minutes Tony was securely fastened to the heavy chair as if with cords of pliable steel.

"Now, my little rat, you'll have time for reflection," smirked Mr. Chalk as he drew off and coolly lit a cigar, which he puffed into Tony's face. "Nice occupation, this, of yours, eh?"

"Of course not, but it's all the same,"

"But I wasn't watching you."

was the reply, accompanied by an aggravating laugh. "When you touch one you touch all of us."

"I see," said Tony.

"That's good," was the retort. "I hope you'll like the change."

With this the man picked up his hat, which had fallen to the floor, and made out as if he were about to leave the room.

"You're not going to leave me here?" cried Tony.

"Why not, little rat? Isn't this just the place for such as you? It's not your old place in DeKoven street, of course, but you're safe here and we know where you are."

"You're Chalk, aren't you?"

"Yes. You remember me, I see."

"Of course I do. You're one of the men who wanted to plunder me the day I came to New York."

"Yes, and I feel your blow on my arm yet. You nearly broke it, you little rat."

"I wish it had been your head!" vociferated Tony. "If you hadn't warded off the stroke it would have been your cranium."

"Sure and it would," was the laughing reply.

For some minutes Chalk drew off and took a chair, where he smoked in silence, watching his victim all the time with the air of a tiger.

This was the height of aggravation, and Tony thought of his employer and wondered what he would think of his absence.

At last Mr. Chalk seemed to conclude that he had played one part of the game to a finish and rose to his feet.

"You'll keep your seat, I reckon," said he, maliciously. "There's no danger of your getting away."

Tony knew this without being reminded of it.

At last he saw the man vanish and heard his feet on the stair beyond the door.

It was in vain that he tugged at his bonds. They would not yield, and though he exerted all his strength, he was compelled at last to desist.

How long he would be kept in this terrible state he did not know, nor what would follow the return of his captor. That his capture was in some manner connected with his spying on the man who had entered the little jewelry store he did not doubt, but how was Chalk connected with this person?

The shadows of night deepened over the city.

Tony heard the rumble of vehicles in the street below, and now and then the cries of the evening newsboys came to his ears. What had become of Billy and what would he say when he returned to the little house in DeKoven street and found him missing?

These thoughts and similar ones were gall to the victim in the chair.

The room grew dark save for a gleam of light which came from the lights outside.

At length stillness reigned in the place and Tony listened in vain for footsteps on the stair.

Mr. Chalk did not come back and Billy as a rescuer was not to be thought of.

By and by, wearied out bodily, Tony slipped into a light slumber in which he forgot his situation. He was soon in dreamland.

All at once he found himself wide awake. The door had opened; he was sure of it.

Straining his ears for the slightest sound, he bent his head forward as well as his painful position would allow and listened.

There was a breath of cooler air on his cheeks.

Some one was in the room beside him. Was it the scoundrel, Mr. Chalk?

At one time Tony thought of crying out for the purpose of discovering who the visitor was, but upon second thought he desisted.

Perhaps a light would be struck and then he could see.

Moments seemed hours to the boy from Allaback's. His heart rose to his throat and sank again.

A footfall came across the floor.

Tony tried to pierce the darkness for the little ray of light had disappeared, but he was disappointed.

Who had entered the room?

"It's pretty dark in here," said a voice which startled the boy. "I can't see anything."

The speaker seemed to move towards the corner where the cupboard was.

"Now," thought Tony, "I will know who is here."

The following moment he almost let out a cry of terror, for the unknown had stumbled against him and let slip another cry.

"Who's here?" said the same strange voice, and at the same time a hand fell upon his face.

Tony cried aloud, for it was a small, cold hand and could not be that of his captor.

"Who are you? And tied to the chair?" said the voice.

At last the boy from Allaback's found his tongue.

"I'm a rascal's victim," he exclaimed. "I'm Tony Tripp from Allaback's."

"Oh!"

"Who are you?"

He was answered by the switching on of a light and he saw, not Mr. Chalk, but a pale-faced girl of sixteen, who drew off and regarded him in silence.

She wasn't pretty, her face was peaked and white and her garments were of poor material.

"Who tied you to the chair?" she asked, leaning forward and peering into Tony's face.

"Mr. Chalk," was the reply. "You know him?"

"Oh, yes, I know Mr. Chalk," was the laughing rejoinder. "It's so funny, you see."

"It's not very funny to me," said Tony, biting his lip. "These cords cut to the bone. Can't you loosen them?"

"Me? Oh, no! What would Mr. Chalk say?"

"It matters little to me what he would say," Tony answered. "I want out of this chair."

"But I can't let you out of it."

"Why can't you?"

The girl drew off and for a full minute gazed speechless into Tony's face.

"Because," she said slowly, "Mr. Chalk would kill me if I did!"

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming year.

* * *

Language for Each Sex.

If one of the difficulties of learning Samoan is that each noble has a private dialect of his own, the difficulty is matched by a linguistic complication in certain other parts of Polynesia. In the Gilbert Islands the men and the women speak literally a different language. The difficulty of mutual intercourse is overcome by making the women use the masculine tongue when talking to the men. Among themselves it is "tabu." And the men do not trouble their heads about the other.

With some trouble you may find the difference between the men's and the women's language in this civilized country. There are words that are understood and used by every woman, and not quite comprehended by a man when he hears them accidentally. For example, "shopping" is a woman's word. And another—which is not used by men—is "nice." A man may be clever and rich and handsome, but—not "nice." You have heard the whisper of the epithet in the feminine language. But the word is never used in that sense (which you know) by a man.

* * *

Disappointed in Her.

"And so your father refuses to consent to our union?"

"He does, Rodolphus."

The sad youth swallowed a sob.

"Is there nothing left for us, then, but an elopement?" said he.

"Nothing."

The girl was fond but firm.

"Do you think, Clementine, that you could abandon this luxurious home, forget the enjoyments of great wealth, banish yourself forever from your devoted parents' hearts, and go West with a poor young man to enter a home of lifelong poverty and self-denial?"

"I could, Rodolphus."

The sad youth rose wearily and reached for his hat.

"Then," said he, "you are far from being the practical girl I have all along taken you to be."

And with one last look around on the sumptuousness that some day he had hoped to share, he sobbed and said farewell.

INFLAM-
MATIO
AND F

Cured by Lydia E. P
Vegetable Compound.

Creston, Iowa.—"I was tr
a long time with inflammat

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headaches
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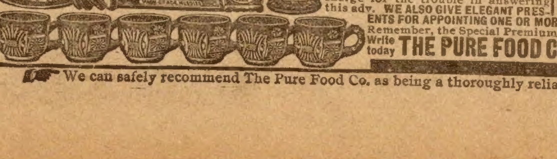
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HOME AND FASHION

To Polish China.

[illegible]pplied to china sounds un[illegible]e ears of the rushing type [illegible]er who "polishes" silver and [illegible]s, but who "washes" and [illegible]china, and that in the quick[illegible]e can.

[illegible] china requires as much care [illegible]l anything else. There are [illegible]ons who never allow their [illegible] to go to the kitchen, but who [illegible]ght to them a tray and two [illegible] water in the dining room, where [illegible]y themselvefs mop and then rinse, [illegible] and polish to the point of shining [illegible] of their daintiest wares, which they [illegible]n place in the closet under lock and [illegible]y.

There are, again, others who turn over [illegible]ese delicate bits to the tender minis[illegible]ations of a trusted servant, who keeps [illegible]em in the dining room or nearby pan[illegible]y.

Now, this recital is but to conwey the polishing idea. All china will look its full value only when highly polished, and the dubious tea towel will not contribute to success along these lines. Plenty of towels, perfectly dry, perfectly [illegible] and clean, must be on hand after [illegible] meal. Their quality, too, has much to do with the final result, as have the clear, hot rinsing water and the methods of rinsing.

Rinsing can really be a laughable operation when the dishes are turned downward and scalded only on their backs. Why not on the upper side, where one demands cleanliness? Draining isn't rinsing, but it would seem that if at one time, or, perchance, one place (and that some dense country not yet penetrated by civilization), draining was resorted to by way of drying.

Health and Beauty.

When eating learn to masticate on both sides of the mouth. The teeth need to be used to keep them in good condition. Tartar is said to collect more rapidly if only one side is used. Brush the teeth downward, not crosswise.

Whenever you have some time to spare in your own room, take down your hair, brush it thoroughly and let it fall unconfined by either ribbon or pins for an hour or more. The hair requires rest as much as the body. The heating rolls, heavy pins and artificial hair worn these days all tend to heat and tire the head and make the hair fall out, therefore a good airing or sun bath is restful as well as beneficial.

If madame's throat has lost its youthful firmness and fullness there are still many ways of making it attractive. One way is to wear black velvet, rhinestone studded bands. The deep black is usually most effective against the whiteness of the throat, and the band, properly adjusted, seems to make the throat plumper and prettier. Of course, it does not, really, but it gives the effect and that, after all, is the important point.

There is no excuse for women having red hands, because, even in the coldest weather, careful attention will keep them white or restore them if they have become red. First and foremost it is essential that the skin shall be wiped dry each time after washing. Undoubtedly most women think they do this, but in [illegible] few do. If the least moisture remains over the knuckles or between the fingers redness and a coarseness of the skin is inevitable, and all dampness is only absorbed when the hands are wiped with a soft absorbent towel. Incidentally, pushing the cuticle down at the base of the nails each time the hands are washed will do much toward improving their shape.

To Wash Flannel.

Flannels should be washed in warm suds that have had a little ammonia added to them. The flannels should be rubbed between the hands, not on a board, and dipped up and down in the suds until they are free from dirt and stains. Squeeze them with the hands until as much water as possible is removed and then rinse in water of the same temperature as that in which they were washed. Wring out again, hang in the shade and press them out on the wrong side while still damp. Flannels should never be placed in the sun to dry or they will shrink. Special care should also be taken when rubbing the garments to see that all the dirt is removed before they are wrung out and hung up to dry.

Care of Piano.

A piano is almost as sensitive to heat and cold as an invalid.

It should not be placed too near a fire, as the heat draws the wood.

Neither should it be near an open window, as on a wet day the damp is apt to rust the keys and wires and take the polish off the case.

Always keep the piano closed when it is not in use. The keys should be dusted frequently with an old silk handkerchief and rubbed occasionally with a cloth moistened with methylated spirits.

If they get yellow rub with a very little lemon juice and whiting, and remove it with a damp cloth. But be very careful that none of the dust falls between the keys.

Hair Bandeaus.

Bandeaus for the hair are now being made of the embroidered and brocaded ribbons, which are to be had in a great variety of colors and designs. A blue brocaded ribbon exactly of the shade which was used many years ago when these scalloped and brocaded ribbons were fashionable has been revived, and is most popular for the hair bandeaus. The ribbons, if narrow, are sewed together to make the wide band, which is now in greatest favor.

Silver Jewelry.

In the collection of ornaments possessed by the well dressed woman, silver jewelry has been raised to an important position. Silver forms a good setting for all precious stones, and it gives richness without the appearance of appalling expense. Filigree and ancient Bohemian ornaments are now being much worn, and many of the semi-barbaric Russian designs occupy places in the jewel casket. Silver jewelry is beautifully blended with rich velvets, and often it takes but the touch of a silver ornament to make an evening gown a "creation."

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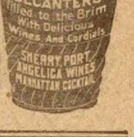

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For Youthful Eyes
ELLSWORTH YOUNG

DISPOSITIONS.

I wonder if it's pen or ink
That's cross?
They're very nice with grown-up folks,
Of course;
But soon as I begin to try
To write with them they kick and fly
And stub and splash with all their might
And make my writing just a sight.
I don't know if the pen's to blame
Or not.
It's certainly the ink that makes
The blot.
But anyhow I'd rather write
With Mr. Pencil, gay and bright.
He's kind, and never twists and twirls—
I think he's fond of little girls.

❧

Cold-Water Music.

This is an old amusement, but only those who have tried it know how much melody may lurk in a glass of water. If you have eight thin tumblers of the same size and shape, you may make a musical scale easily. Each tumbler contains a certain amount of cold water, more or less, according to the volume of sound required; this you may find out practically by dipping your finger in the water and drawing it briskly round and round the sharp outer rim of your glass. This produces a musical note.

The fuller the glass the deeper the note. The swift motion of the finger round the edge produces a vibration on the surface of the water, particularly if the edge is thin and clean cut.

The glasses, with graduated amounts of water, might be placed in regular scale order on a table covered with both cloth and table felt. At each glass put a performer with a good ear for music and a steady middle finger, which is the best and strongest to use. Each glass must be held firmly, near the bottom so as not to mar the sound, with the forefinger and thumb of the left hand. In this way all familiar airs may be produced with some really sweet vibrations if you know how to use your finger to the best advantage.

❧

High Fliers.

There is a man in Indiana who has the queerest geese that were ever seen outside of a museum. It seems they were not satisfied with two wings apiece and so grew an extra set. All the four-winged birds were hatched from eggs laid by the same goose, and there are plenty of them. The extra wings grew out of the ordinary pair and are turned the wrong direction for flying.

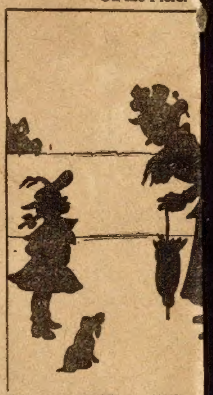
❧

Cruel Deductions.

"What did my friends say when they heard that Baron Fucash had proposed to me?"

"They said your father must be wealthier than was generally supposed."

On the Field.



Kind Lady—Whose little g
Little Girl—Don't know y
morrow Billy Jones and Sa
are going to fight and settl
tion.

❧

THE BATTLEFIEL

It was dawn on the field of
And silence was everywhe
The Blue had vanquished th
Who filled in mute despair

There was none to mourn the
Save over the waters dee
The tired, victorious Patriot
Were wooing rest in sleep

From sleep before the daybr
Duty recalled the men,
Who, in silence and sorrow,
Must bury their dead aga

A footstep came from the si
A soft little pattering tre
And a dog—the dog of the
Moved, whining among th

A sharp little bark, and his
The scrubby dog had fou
A master riddled with bulle
Prone on the frozen groun

When Patriots cleared the ba
A little dog defied;
His growl said quite plainly—
"My master is mine, thoug

Between his whines of sorro
Came barks and growls of f
No hand should touch his m
While the little dog was ne

And not a man of the party
Could reach the Redcoat th
All throats were tight with f
For the little dog's faithful

* * * * * * * *

That day, by the captain's or
A shot from a musket sped,
And the little dog of the Eng
Joined his master lying de

❧

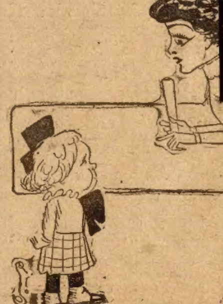
Bad Shot.

Mr. Bacon—This paper says
8[illegible] per cent of the real efficienc
of coal is utilized. The ren
wasted.

Mrs. Bacon—Well, I guess,
you did throw at least 22 per c
last ton out of the window, a

❧

Only One.



Teacher—And you have no brothers or sisters?

Little Girl—No, ma'am. I'm all the children we've got.

SMASHING

Watch Offer

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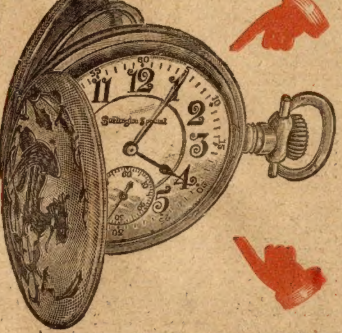

TRUST PRICES SMASHED!

At last! An absolutely perfect watch, the magnificent Burlington Special, at a price and on terms within the reach of all. For we are waging the fiercest battle against trust methods ever known in the history of this country. We will **NOT** be bound by any system, no matter how powerful. We call the great factories a trust because they have perfected a system of contracts and agreements with dealers everywhere, which enables them to fix prices and control trade. We do not say that the Watch Trust is illegal. But we do insist that their system of "quiet" agreements and price boosting contracts is very, very unfair.

The Watch Trust has cornered the dealers, but we are determined to win this fight **no matter what it costs.** So we have decided to offer our very finest watch, the unparalleled Burlington Special, **direct to the public** on a staggering offer which must simply annihilate unfair competition.

Here Is Our Offer—You may get our finest watch at the anti-trust price and besides, if you act at once, you may secure the splendid Burlington Special at the no-dealer price, without profits added—exactly the same price which the wholesale jeweler himself must pay. Think—the quality watch, the world's masterpiece of watch manufacture, for less than half the price asked for watches even approaching this one in quality.

And Without Money Down We will send the watch to any responsible person without asking you for a single cent in advance. There are no formalities. There is not the slightest obligation on your part of any kind or nature except to compare it carefully with any watch you ever saw, **no matter what the price.** Then if not satisfactory, you may return it to us **at our expense.** But if you find this watch the most stupendous bargain you ever dreamed of, just slip the watch into your pocket and pay us the Rock-Bottom price, either in cash or on terms of **$2.50 a month** just as you prefer.

You pay exactly the same price whether you buy for cash or on time. We allow the public the advantage of these $2.50 a month terms, in order to quickly attract national attention to our great anti-trust fight. So that **everybody** can afford to get a Burlingt — watch at once.

WATCH BOOK FREE Our remarkable Watch Book now sent free on request. ..e are determined that the public shall be **posted** on the startling conditions existing in the watch industry **throughout** the entire country. We want the public to **know** the real truth, the inside truth about watch prices and watch values. Secret selling methods, price boosting contracts, "quiet" agreements to uphold prices, all are completely explained in this book. Besides, we tell you the whole story of our great anti-trust fight and our $1,000 challenge to giant competitors.

NOW WRITE for the free Watch Book at once. If you would like to own a good watch—if you ever expect to own one, you should send for the great book without an instant's delay. You ought to know the facts about these inside prices. You ought to be able to judge watch values for yourself. Besides, we also explain our wonderful anti-trust offer direct to the consumer. No obligations. Just send us a postal or letter, or your name and address on this coupon. The watch book and full particulars will be sent you at once, FREE, prepaid.

Burlington Watches

BURLINGTON WATCH CO., Dept. 4153, 19th St. & Marshall Blvd., Chicago,
Please send me without obligation, and prepaid, your free book on
watches and copy of your $1,000 challenge to the giant factories with
full explanation of your cash or $2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Special.

Name..

Address..

....

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Burlington
Watch Co.,
Dept. 4153,
19th St. & Marshall Blvd.,
Chicago, Illinois.

This is the GENUINE BURLINGTON SPECIAL

Our very finest watch and the absolute peer of any watch made in the world today. It is, of course, impossible to give a full description here, but we submit this short outline so that you may have some idea of how this perfect masterpiece is constructed.

The Markings of the Burlington Special watch will show you at once the absolute superiority of this fully adjusted movement.

Fully Adjusted This is *the* point of a high grade watch. And no watch is in *every* way high grade and O. K. unless it is *fully* adjusted. A watch merely marked adjusted, may be adjusted only as to temperature, not adjusted as to positions. In the *higher* grade movements of the factories, the markings say, "adjusted to temperature, adjusted to positions." The double marking is a characteristic of only the most *expensive* watches, and it is this marking, "adjusted to temperature" and "adjusted to positions," which you will find on the "Burlington Special."

Adjusted to Temperature The watch is put into a refrigerator and run for 24 hours, then it is put into an oven of 100 degrees temperature and run for 24 hours. Then it is run in normal temperature for 24 hours. *This process is continued until the watch runs the same in all temperatures.* Not 10% of all watches made are adjusted to temperature.

Adjusted to Isochronism A careful adjustment so that the speed of a watch when it is fully wound up is the same as when it is almost run down. Not more than four watches out of every one hundred watches made in the United States have this adjustment.

Adjusted to Positions Adjusting a watch to position is adjusting it so it runs the same in various positions. You can easily see that if a watch is to run absolutely accurate the friction of the bearings must be exactly the same for different positions. The adjustment is never attempted on more than a very, very minute percentage of all watches made in the United States.

The Jewels used are the finest grade of selected genuine imported *ruby and sapphire jewels*, absolutely flawless. Nineteen of these chosen gems protect every point. *It is well understood in the railroad business that 19 jewels is the proper number for maximum efficiency.* Nineteen jewels is regarded by experts as the best number for a *perfect* watch, more jewels often being a source of complication rather than service. The *smaller* size ladies' watch has 17 jewels, giving this watch the protection needed for a lifetime of service.

Double Jewels that is, bearings with two jewels each are used in the Burlington. A watch so jeweled requires very much less attention than watches jeweled in any other way.

Jewel Fitting The hole in every jewel is highly polished by hand—a process that requires years of experience. This assures perfect alignment and wonderful accuracy.

Hand Work is another characteristic of the Burlington—the quality (not quantity) product. While the latest up-to-date automatic machinery is largely used in the factory, we rely for finishing upon the best expert hand work.

Main Spring The two points in which Americans have yet to compete with the Swiss are mainspring and hairspring. Although watch springs are made now in almost all parts of the world, no one has ever been able to equal these Swiss springs. The strain is almost absolutely constant, no matter whether the watch is fully wound or is nearly run down. The Swiss springs used in the Burlington watch do not crystallize with usage and breakage is very rare. These springs will run a watch from 32 to 36 hours.

Swiss Breguet Hairsprings are imported for the same reason as the imported mainspring. They are far better than any other hairspring made.

The U Spring Regulator allows adjustments to the smallest fraction of a second.

Double Sunk Dial This is an aristocratic feature and is exclusively used on our men's watches.

Factory Fitted Every Burlington Special movement is fitted into the case right at the factory where the movement was made—into a case made for that watch. No looseness or wearing of parts against the sides of the case. No rattle or jar.

Our Direct Guarantee means that we will make good on any just complaint either as to workmanship or material, in either watch or case, at any time without red tape or formality. Note, we do not say within ten or twenty years, but at any time. Our guarantee, of course, does not include cleaning or breakages caused by carelessness or accidents, or tinkering with the watch, but, if anything is found wrong with the watch in any way, we will replace the part complained of, or we will repair the watch free of charge, or we will give you a new watch absolutely free, as you may elect. Note: This guarantee is good for 25 years, yes and longer than 25 years, for any length of time if anything is found wrong with the material—absolutely without restriction.

Write Today for our free watch book explaining every detail of the Burlington watch.